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REV. WALTER M. S. LOWELL.

— A. D. 1892. —

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Against the Tide.

518
—BY—

REV. WALTER M. S. LOWELL.

A SACRED BURDEN IS THIS LIFE YE BEAR,
LOOK ON IT, LIFT IT, BEAR IT SOLEMNLY,
STAND UP AND WALK BENEATH IT STEADFASTLY.
FAIL NOT FOR SORROW, FALTER NOT FOR SIN,
BUT ONWARD, UPWARD, TILL THE GOAL YE WIN.

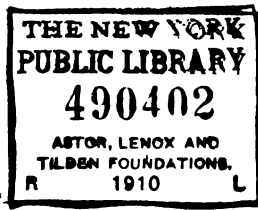
—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. GEORGE C. BALDWIN, D. D.



Albany, New York:
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1892.



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PRESS OF E. H. LISK, TROY, N. Y.

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DEDICATION.

TO MY WIFE.



I Dedicate to You this Volume,

AFFECTIONATELY AND REVERENTLY.

Walter H. S. Lowell.



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INTRODUCTION.

BY GEORGE C. BALDWIN, D. D.

NOTHING more glorious concerning our adorable God is recorded than the revelation that He is not only perfectly good, but is constantly, through manifold ministries, doing good. Nothing more gracious concerning our adorable Lord Jesus is recorded than the fact that he went about doing good. Nothing more significant concerning Christians is recorded in the Epistles of the New Testament than the statement, "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." In our literature there are no finer lines than the following, written by George Eliot:

"So shall we reach the purest heaven—be to other souls
The cup of strength, in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be ourselves the presence of a good diffused,
And by diffusion ever more intense.
So shall we join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world,
Who live in lives made better by their presence,
In pulses stirred to daring rectitude,
To noble generousities,
To stern contempt of miserable means
That end in self,
To thoughts sublime, which pierce the dark
Like stars, and by their mild insistence
Urge us on to vaster issues."

The lamented Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon said that "Every Christian life ought to be a visible beatitude and a living doxology."

The methods of doing good are numerous and varied, but prominent among them is the writing of good

books. Almost all others are transient. Personal presence is power ; but, alas, "we all do fade as the leaf." Relationships are potentialities ; but, alas, how soon all of them, however near, will be dissolved. Opportunities are valuable, but how quickly they come and go. Books come to stay. They will live long after their authors are dead, and will go where they never could have gone.

"Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak for future times to hear."

The mere titles of two books have largely influenced my life; one is "Limits of Human Responsibility," by President Wayland, of Brown University; the other, "Taking in Provision for Passing over Jordan," by an unknown author.

The title of this book, "Against the Tide," which I here introduce, will arrest attention. After hearing it read in my family, my judgment is that it is thoroughly good. The author is "a good minister of our Lord Jesus Christ," a devoted and successful pastor, beloved by his own church and respected by all who know him. It is written in a natural, easy style, and is the record of unique experiences, which are not fictions but realities. In fact, nearly all of them are autobiographical.

With God's blessing I am sure it will do good. Its illustrations of home and society life, of the disastrousness of paternal injustice to children, the blessedness of maternal Christian fidelity, of the exceeding sinfulness and bitter consequences of cherished revenge, and especially its testimonies to the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God, are guarantees of its adaptation to usefulness. The success the author has achieved in struggling "Against the Tide" is fresh confirmation of the fulfillment of the promise that "When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up," and demonstrates that Mathew Arnold formulated a living and an eternal truth when he said, "There is a power outside of ourselves that works for righteousness."

GEORGE C. BALDWIN.

Troy, New York, July 21, 1892.

AGAINST THE TIDE.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 1814, while Napoleon lay banished on the Isle of Elba, and while Louis XVIII. was King of France, society was in a very feverish state. When Royalists sought Noirtier and all other Bonapartists; when there was a strong undercurrent of silent sentiment seeking to bear Napoleon back and re-instate him; when innocent men were imprisoned, some to go mad, some to starve, and some to escape and take vengeance on their enemies and reward their friends; a certain family left Paris for the east of England, where they sought to live free from the perplexities of politics. In the year 1820, their only son sailed from England with his bride, for America, and settled in the central part of Massachusetts, on a lovely tract of land, about two miles from a village of which we shall hear more later on.

This farm proved to be one of the best in that part of the State, abounding in a fertility of soil suitable for growing great varieties of fruits, grains and vegetables.

Through the centre of this farm ran a large river, which served the double purpose of watering the land, and furnishing power for the mill which is now fast falling to decay. Also there were acres of pasture land and large fields and meadows of waving grass. A few years of cultivation under the stern hand of the new owner, made it an elegant place, known to all the country people round about.

On this farm, which continued to grow more beau-

tiful and yielding with assiduous cultivation, in 1844 A. D., was born to them a third daughter. The mother was tall and dignified; persistent and conscientious; and one in whose nature love predominated. She was the teacher at the district school for some years, and would have been literary had not the stern duties of the farm life made it impossible for her to pursue her studies. Moreover, her husband was not in sympathy with her. He did not care for books. Of course, a farmer was not expected to. But beyond this he was harsh, relentless, remorseless. He did not love, nor did he wish to be loved. He meant to rule and not to be ruled. Even sorrow could not soften him; for, bound to get the best of everyone, he would have felt weak indeed had he allowed himself to be moved by trouble. So, in order that grief might not have ought to feed upon, instead of a heart he carried a stone in its place.

The third daughter was the rose of all these gardens — of all the green fields of the region. With a song as sweet as the meadow lark's, and a disposition as pleasing as the loveliest day in June; full of merriment, and yet discreet; she won her way even into the affections of her flint-hearted father. She was the one, if any, who took from his lips a kiss, while in return she tried to make him happy, and stand peacemaker for the rest.

With nothing special taking place more than the coming and going of summer and winter, the years passed by with the swiftness of the sunbeam, leaving behind them the most pleasant memories of all our lives, those of childhood.

One morning in early fall, Marietta woke to find herself nineteen years of age, and thinking of a young man who was two years older than herself, and against whom her father entertained the strongest dislike. This young man, whose name was Burke, and who was very much of a gentleman, and not without certain attractions which go so far toward winning the eyes and hearts of country folk, had visited Marietta; had wooed and won her. But her father told her she must dismiss

him, must tell him he was no longer welcome, and if she did n't, he should.

"Marietta," he had said to her one night; as they stood by the bars looking at the apples barreled for market, "why don't you do a little as your poor old father wishes?"

"Father, I have ever tried to do not only a little, but altogether so," Marietta replied. "Only in one thing have I disobeyed you, and that is a thing in which you have no right to command."

"No right to command! *No right!* Who said I had no right to command? I suppose that black-eyed, curly-headed son of nobody from nowhere told you I had no right. Yes, son of nobody, at least so we must suppose, for you own he does not tell you of his parents. Yes, and from nowhere, for no one knows anything of him—a roving mechanic, Marietta, a roving mechanic. But look yonder, at all those hills and meadows owned by a young man whom we *do* know, and who has twice asked me for your hand in marriage. Think of the advantage it would bring us, were these two farms united, beside the many other things which would be in your favor by such a union."

"But, father," burst forth the girl who now stood with her arms around her father's neck, looking into his face, "one should not marry one whom she does not and cannot love."

"'Does not' it may be, but 'cannot' is *will not*. You have refused to see him, to talk with him even as one of our neighbors. How can you expect to like one without giving him a chance to make you acquainted with his excellent qualities? A little less fancy, my daughter, and a little more to business. Love is not enough to live upon, nor does it furnish shoes and gowns and bonnets."

Marietta had taken her arms away, and stood arranging the red leaves in her hat. She did not try to answer him again. What was the use? But as she looked scornfully at the farm lands yonder, which her father—who was now walking toward the house—had pointed

out to her a few moments before, and then eagerly toward the village where Frank was employed, she verified the truth of the saying, often used with less meaning, "Actions speak louder than words."

In a few weeks the farmer and his men were busy in getting away to market, which, in those early days, was no small task. It generally took two weeks for the journey. Wagons were loaded, and away they went.

Hardly had the farmer left the town, when Frank Burke and Marietta were comfortably seated in the kitchen of the farm house, advising with the one dear heart to whom all were free to appeal. She counseled them to be cautious, and wait, quoting the timely words: "The more haste, the less speed," and "The patient waiter is no loser;" but Frank insisted upon being married at once, giving the farmer's invariable motto, "Make hay while the sun shines." So the matter was decided—and oh, what a world of importance hung on that decision. A few evenings later, Squire Stone, in his own house at the village, pronounced Frank and Marietta husband and wife.

In our haste to get through these introductory events to the principal part of our story, we must leave you to imagine the scene at the farm house when the farmer returned from marketing, some ten days later, to find himself the father of the young man whom he had so strongly denounced, and whom he so sincerely detested, probably for no other cause than that he came in between him and an increase in his possessions.

Suffice it to say, that he threatened to disown her, and with dreadful fury declared he would drive them both from his fireside, but as is generally the case at such times, he found he would gain nothing by so doing, and as days passed by his fury abated.

One morning Burke started for the village, some two miles distant, to see about beginning work again at his trade. Had he been a farmer, probably no time would have been allowed him for the sole enjoyment of their honey-moon, but being a mechanic, and as he was

seldom away from his bench, the foreman had granted him leave of absence without any questions.

Burke was a happy man, and well he might be, since he had one of the truest girls the town contained for his wife; and now that she was his, he was revolving in his mind different courses he might take to make her happy, and through which he could see better days to come.

For the present they would remain at the farm; then a little later on they would move to the village, to a home of their own, which he was already planning to build; and then, if God should give them their health, there seemed no reason why their life would not be a calm ocean over which they would sail together without storms, or if storms came, without collision.

Occupied with these thoughts he passed the old blacksmith shop at the top of the hill without knowing it and soon entered the village, passed by the little tailor shop, turned the corner and stopped at Dave Richards' store. Here a crowd had gathered, of men and women, old and young; groups of aged men and women, groups of young men and maidens; and their conversation was all of the latest news of the war. One woman had fainted, and they were carrying her away to her home. An old man was weeping, and at the same time trying to read the letter he held in his trembling hand. Occasionally he would burst out in uncontrollable grief, and the young lady who stood at his side sought to console and reassure him.

"Oh!" cried the old man.

"Oh! my boy! my boy! my boy!"

Yonder came a company of young men off for the war.

During all this time, while these scenes were taking place, Frank Burke had gone into the store which was full of men, some of whom were government officials; he had been accosted, had had a dispute, and returned to the crowd outside the door. After seating himself upon a dry goods box he sat with his head buried in his hands, shaking as with convulsions. Not that he was a coward and dared not shoulder his musket; not that he



was a traitor and did not love his country ; but how could he think of leaving his young wife, only a few weeks a bride.

Since coming to the village he had received the news that he had been drafted, and that, with many others, he must at once prepare to march.

Gradually the crowd dispersed, and Frank rose from the spot, where, for an hour, he had been sitting buried in heavy thoughts and dark forebodings. Dazed with this sudden reversion of his plans, he walked toward home, so different in spirit from that in which he had but a few hours before traveled the same road.

Already he had found that, instead of the calm ocean which he had pictured to himself, "Men's lives like oceans, change in shifting tides."

Before he reached the corner where the road turns that brings one in sight of the house, he had fought a battle between love and loyalty, which was a greater struggle to him than any into which he would be hurled, when, a few weeks hence, he would take his place in the service of the Nation. But, though it was a battle long and fierce, when he reached this turn in the road, he had won a victory which enabled him to bear up bravely, and, like a true soldier, look on the bright side for himself and Marietta.

CHAPTER II.

IT is now the autumn of '64. Twelve months have sauntered slowly by since the close of our last chapter. Nothing special has transpired at the farm in that time. Letters from Mr. Burke have been as frequent as a soldier's life would permit. It is a cold, windy, rainy day. Sheets of rain are blown against the windows, and it is rapidly growing dark. The cattle are all in the barn, the sheep in the pen, and nothing is suffering on that place, to the credit of the farmer, who, if he was revengeful with his own flesh, was not unkind to a living thing on his farm.

In the house the supper was being made ready. Marietta had finished arranging the table, and had gone into the sitting room where the great log in the fireplace sent out a glow, the sacred influence of which, in these modern houses, is little known. She stood looking into the fire for some time, with her thoughts as erratic as the dancing flames, when a team stopped in front of the house, and the loud voice of Uncle Rufus Thayer called out "Whoa!" to his old grey mare, in a tone calculated to bring some one to the door.

"How d'y' do, Mary," said he, as Marietta opened the door, "Jest's I was a comin' by the Post Office, Dave hollered out to me to bring this 'ere letter along with me 'n give it to ye." "Whoa!" to the mare as she nearly turned him over in the rain. "I kinder fear," continued he, "that it may be bad news fer ye, my girl, but I hope not," and so saying, he handed her out a long envelope with a black edge all around it. Marietta turned white as snow in a second. In another, she lay on the door-step with the rain pouring on her, the letter in her hand. At the sound of some one falling, the mother rushed to the spot, and with her own strong arms lifted her daughter up and placed her on the couch until she should recover consciousness.

It was more than a week before they would tell her the contents of the letter. "Poor girl, how she mourned!" said a good woman to me some years ago, as I made inquiries upon the matter, "she nearly killed herself a weepin'."

The message read something like this.

"A man by the name of Frank Burke, in my regiment, a faithful soldier, died this A. M., after being severely wounded. In his pocket was a paper bearing his name, but no address. I have looked up the name and find he comes from the town of D——, Massachusetts. His body will be respectfully buried."

Signed by Col. Deverns.

The next week, when Marietta was able to be dressed and ride as far as the village, preparations were made for a funeral service, and it is interesting to notice that her father took an active part in those preparations. Proper respect was paid to the memory of the dead soldier, who had been one of the most honored young men of the town since he came there to follow his trade as cabinet maker. Marietta was affectionately commended to the God of the widow, and besought not to lament beyond reason; "for," said the minister, "they have a double crown who die in the service of their country."

It was a sad sight to see the lovely Marietta, with faded cheeks and tottering steps, her grief dressed in solemn black. She who had always been so merry, now so sad, and worn.

No sooner had the first few weeks come to an end, than the farmer put his wits at work to find some good way of arranging a marriage for his daughter with a young man who from the first had been his choice.

He expressed great concern for her bereaved heart, and even took time from the farm work to take her out riding, in order that she might grow strong, and sooner forget her grief. For a whole year, however, he had tried in vain to approach his daughter on the subject of a union which had long been his desire. One day while they were taking one of their accustomed rides, he felt he could not defer the conversation longer, so

he commenced. She was talkative, and seemed more like herself than she had for two years. He first talked to her of money; of his need of a certain amount to meet a certain claim. Marietta had received a small sum just before her husband's death, which she offered to loan him.

This done, he addressed himself to topics concerning the farm, and of certain changes that should be made. Then the subject of her loneliness was mentioned. He said he did not think she should reject offers which had been made her in the past week. He then spoke freely of Hugh Davis—so we will call him—who had given her great reason to believe him sincere in his devotion.

"Notice," he said to her, "that Hugh has not for a moment paid attention to any one but you, and when you rejected him for Frank (speaking especially tender) he was not angry, but shut himself away from every one for months. He would make you a good husband. Many's the girl that would be mighty glad to get him. Many's the girl." Then he told her he was not to live always, and he would like to see her so well cared for as she would be if she accepted the hand of this young man. To these observations she made no reply, though her heart repelled the very thought.

It was dinner time when they drove into the yard. They had been around by the mill to get a grist ground, so it had taken a bit of a while for the drive.

No unpleasantness resulted from their conversation, and home seemed brighter than usual as they sat down to the dinner the good mother had put on the table, with appetites known only to those who till the soil.

"By jinks, mother," said the farmer, as he reached for another slice of johnny-cake, "You do make the best corn-bread I ever did git a taste of." And she, with that smile all women have when their hard work is appreciated, said it was n't quite right this time, she thought; "a little too much saleratus, father," said she, as she passed the pie around the table.

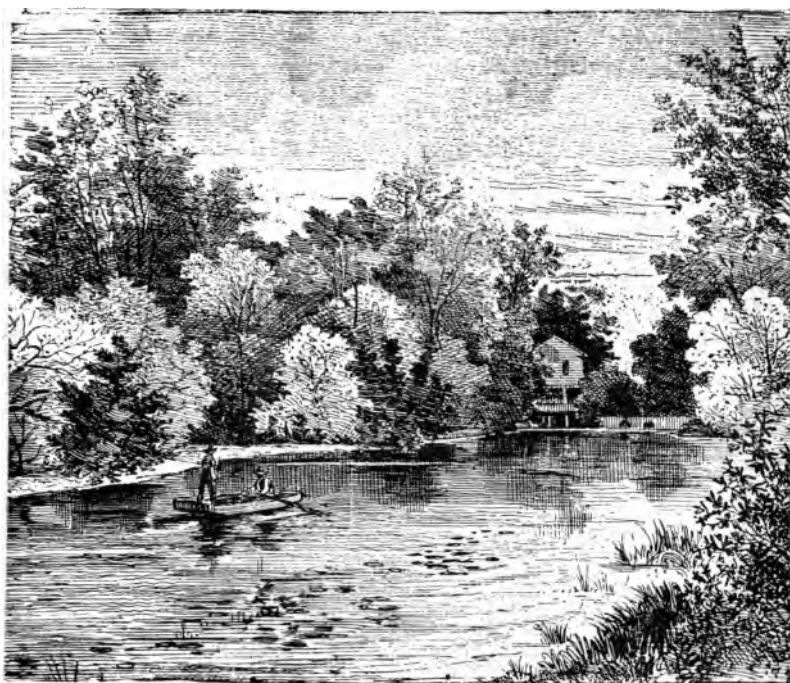
Oh, for the good old days ago when grandmothers graced our homes upon the farms; oh, for the feeling

of security that came with her presence ; oh, for the wholesome food which she used to make ; food which gave muscle and brains, and less 'hustle and pains. To you who enjoy them, we say, seek no farther, for you will find none better.

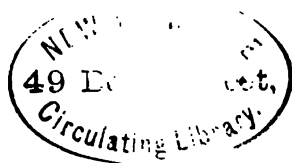
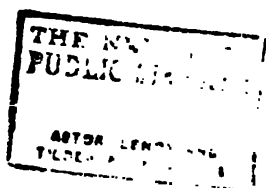
Later in the day, when the dinner work was over, Marietta left the house, and, with a book in her hand, took the path that led the way to the old mill, a short distance from the house. How often have I stood by those maple trees in front of the barn, and looked toward the meadow clean cut of all its grass, with the tall yellow flowers which grew by the water's edge. I see it now, and the hills beyond, the trees covered with autumn foliage ; the mill by the bridge, and the old red school house on the hill.

She walked on in the quiet of the lovely afternoon, noiseless except for the rustle of her dress, and the gentle murmur of the river behind the rushes.

She nearly reached the mill before she saw a young man who was approaching from the road which led to the farm of Uncle Rufus. For a time she did not notice his face, and walked on until they were within speaking distance. She thought to turn toward home at once, when she looked up from her book and discovered who it was, but before she had time to do so, he was by her side and addressing questions to her which she could not refuse to answer without being rude. The young man was Hugh Davis. He presented a handsome figure,—rather tall, with black hair, dark eyes, and smooth face. He had often tried to arrange a meeting at this very place with the one upon whom he was now looking, and whom, to speak truly, he loved even to a passion ; but all attempts had failed him. Now that she had come here, it looked as though fortune favored him, and he determined to open his heart to her this day, and if she refused to hear him, he would speak in a different way. At first he tried to talk of their past acquaintance, but she was not to be forced into conversation. Then he spoke more plainly, and told her that he had loved her long, and felt that



THE OLD MILL.



she ought to recognize his claim upon her, for having waited as he had. She gave him to know in words gentle, but plain and unmistakable, that she never did, *did not*, and never could care for him, even as a friend. At this he raved. He told her to beware, but still she answered "No." At this last refusal he grasped her arm and swore he would be revenged, and cause her to regret that answer.

When he had thus spoken he released her, and stood looking at her with so fiend-like an expression, that she turned, frightened, and ran from him toward the house. When nearly home she looked to see if he was behind her. He stood upon the bridge in the same place, and remained there until she entered the yard, where a much more overpowering scene awaited her.

When she came upon the lawn she found it full of people, and they were gathered in a circle around two men who were seated on the ground. As she drew nearer, she noticed that they were two soldiers. They were pale, exhausted and poor. How could they be otherwise after spending months in the Andersonville prison? Marietta was passing the crowd on her way to enter the house, when one of the soldiers looked around at her.

Merciful God! had the grave given back its dead? Was it he? He whom she mourned, whom she believed to be dead? Marietta was awfully overcome. She was frightened. Those eyes so sunken, that face so pale and emaciated, and that hair so prematurely gray, sent a chill over her heart like death's own breath. She shrieked aloud; she called upon God; she looked around her without breathing; she was almost insane, so sudden and so out of imagination's reach was this apparition. At length she turned toward him, with both hands lifted high, her eyes projecting so as to see even what was not there.

She came nearer to him, and he, looking at her, sat in dumb amazement, fearful for her reason. When at length she felt sure, she gave a cry that would have melted the father's heart had he been present. "*It is he,*

my Frank, it is he," and in a twinkling they were locked in each others embrace.

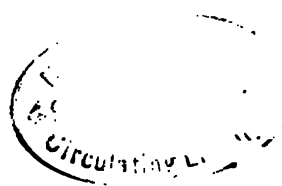
Davis did not dream of the thrilling scene that was being enacted in that yard, as he moved over the bridge and up the hill plotting his revenge; but those who witnessed it never forgot it.

When it was told to her father that there were two Frank Burkes and that Marietta's husband lived and had returned, he was so full of rage that for two days he did not enter the house. Where did he stay? Where did he eat? No one knew. From that day he was a different father to Marietta, and a more stern and disagreeable husband in his home.

Night settled down upon the farm and upon the farmer; and it was always night to him forever more. No matter how much the sun shone on the field crops, mellowing the fruit in the orchard, no single beam of sunshine ever played upon his wrinkled face. He only waited for the chance which came soon after, to make the shadows fall upon their pathway, obligations resting upon him to the contrary notwithstanding.



TURNED AWAY FROM HOME.



CHAPTER III.

ALMOST another year has passed away. The time is afternoon ; the season, spring. The place is the farm where we have been so far in our story. Clouds which gather over thick and black, sooner or later burst in a storm ; fires long pent up must issue forth ; and anger confined in the heart for a long time may do sad work at the final provocation. Thus was it now to be. The farmer could not live much longer with this hatred wrangling in his soul.

March 10th, 1867, Marietta gave birth to a son. This, too, angered her father. The thought of extending in a branch of his family the blood of Frank Burke was hateful to him. I have said it was afternoon. In the morning, Burke had asked his father-in-law for the money Marietta had loaned him that day they were out riding, for it was bounty money he had sent home to his wife.

The old man refused to pay it, and moreover, denied ever having borrowed it. This was the first unpleasantness that had ever passed directly between him and Burke, and it told on the latter so much, that he went to the village to hire a house, without telling any one where he had gone.

Afternoon had come. Marietta was preparing to take Roy, who was now two months old, out for a ride in his carriage, when her father burst through the door in a passion, and in angry tones declared that she should never spend another night under his roof. He told her that if she had done as he wished, and not married the one she did, he would have been good to her ; but as it was, he would no longer endure it. He then and there disowned her, declaring she should henceforth be cast out of his memory. He wished her to go, and go at once.

In vain did her mother plead for her ; in vain did

Marietta reason with him. Firm to what he had sworn, he saw her take a last, lingering look at the old home; saw her gaze with breaking heart and tearful eyes upon the scenes of her childhood; heard her sobs grow faint and fainter as she passed through the woods down the hill, till all was still again.

Once more we must pass over the years, which, to say truly, did not contain very much of interest to the reader.

It is now the year 1877.

The little babe which Marietta carried in her arms that day she left her father's home, is now a boy of ten, and it is mostly concerning him that our story is to treat from this on.

Two girls and two boys have been born since they came to the village. Ensign, next to Roy, then Raymond, Bessie and Belle. Belle, a little girl not four months old, has died. With these facts, which lead us up to the place where we are to walk more slowly, let us look in at the home where for ten years, Marietta and Frank have lived as happily as mortals could desire.

As you enter the village from the Doubleday Neighborhood, just before coming to the church, on the left hand side of the road there stands a house known as the Hatch house. The gardens about it are neatly kept, with here and there a bed of flowers, and vines growing about the door and windows. The house is white, with green blinds, than which there is nothing prettier. A few trees grow in the rear of the yard, furnishing shade, and some fruit.

It is now nearing the close of the day, and Mrs. Burke is preparing the evening meal. Two of the boys have gone to the corner to meet their father. Bessie, a little girl two years old, is pulling at her mamma's dress while she is trying to get the tea. Roy is sitting by the window reading a book of general history by Alexander Fraser Tytler, F. R. S. E., printed by Isaac Hill, Concord, N. H., 1825 A. D.

It is past seven o'clock and Frank is not home yet.

"Why this delay," Marietta asks herself, at the same time going to the door to see if he is coming. "No, not in sight," says she aloud, "I wonder where he is." The children have come back to the house, and she takes them in to wait. Eight o'clock comes, and still he has not arrived. Five minutes later, though, a well known step sends a feeling of relief through the hearts of wife and the older children. A moment more and he is by his wife, the children at his side. Bessie pulls at his frock, Ensign has taken his dinner pail from him and put it away, and Mrs. Burke is putting warm water into the basin where he will wash.

"My dear," said Mrs. Burke as they sat at tea, "why were you so late to-night? Did you have over-work?"

"No, my love, not over-work. I wish we did have, instead of such slack times. No, I was just ready to come home to-night at five o'clock, when who should come into the shop but Hugh Davis, a fellow I haven't seen for three years; I was glad to see him; I always liked Hugh."

Marietta turned pale, but fortunate for her he did not notice it. It was some minutes before she found strength to say: "What did he want, Frank?"

"Well," returned Frank, "that's something good I've got to tell you. You see, Hugh's a mighty smart man. He don't have to stay there on the farm unless he wants to. He's been studying law at Worcester for the past year, and thinks he's going to do mighty fine if he keeps on, and I reckon he will. You see, Mary, when I came home from war, that wound in my back bothered me a good bit o' the time, so for weeks I did n't do a thing, and it's never been well. Hugh says I can get a pension, and he knows it, and now cheer up, wife, here's what he says he'll do. He offers to get it for me and pay all the bills, if I'll give him half the back pay. He says he can get me over two thousand dollars back pension, and eighteen dollars a month as long as I live."

Marietta answered not a word.

Thinking it strange that she was not moved by such good news, he looked up surprised. "What's the

matter, Mary? Don't you believe it's right to get a pension?"

"Yes, dear, of course it's right if the government gives it to you, seeing you are not really able to work. If you were well, I would n't think it right. But do you think Mr. Davis the right one to undertake such a thing for you?"

"Why not, dear?"

"I do n't know, but I was wondering if you thought him so."

"I see no reason why he is not, none whatever."

Supper was over, and the children were put to bed. Since his last birthday, Roy was allowed to sit up with the rest until nine o'clock, but even that hour had arrived, so good nights were exchanged, and soon the house was still.

"What a help it would be to us, Mary," said Mr. Burke to his wife, as they sat by the table reading, after the work was done, "if Hugh should get me a pension. Look at the time I've lost this year, just on account of that wound. Then there's Roy, most big enough to send away to school, but unless I get on better than I have done, I don't see how I'll do it. What a help a pension would be."

Mary tried to say something, but her heart misgave her. She had her fears of this man Davis, but had never told her husband so.

Frank did not appear to notice her silence, and continued. "The only thing I don't like about it," said he, turning the paper that he might read the other side, "is this; Hugh says I'll have to go with him to Worcester, so as to be there to sign papers, etc., when he wants me. That is what I wish I did n't have to do."

Mary grew more and more worried every moment.

"Perhaps I can arrange it so's not to be obliged to leave home. We'll see about that to-morrow. By the way, Mary, did you send Roy up after that money?"

"Yes, dear, and he said he would n't have it till next month. He's got to use all he has now for the advertising, he says."

"For advertising!" repeated Frank, a little annoyed. "For advertising! I wonder if he thinks he's the only one that has use for money. Well, I'll call myself, and see if he needs my money for advertising. The old miser."

Poor Marietta, she was now all upset. The mention of Hugh Davis had filled her with alarm, and she could think of nothing else. Burke thought she was silent because he must be away, so said nothing more about it that night. Money was what he really needed—money was what he must have.

How and where he should get it, were to be decided later.

The next morning he rose early, and after breakfast started for his work. She held him around the neck a little longer than usual this morning, looking into his face as if to read some answer to the questions her troubled heart was constantly suggesting. He did not understand her sadness. He did not know how much of what he took for love was fear, not *of* him, but *for* him.

So all day he was happy in contemplating the time when he would be able to do for her and his children all that he wished to do. With these thoughts he returned home a little early that night, anxious for the evening to come, when he would see Mr. Davis and make final arrangements.

So supper was hurried a little, and well it was, for hardly had they left the table when the bell rang, and, prompt to the minute, he was at the door.

After they had talked for some time, the result of which evidently seemed very satisfactory to both, Davis inquired:

"Well, Burke, when shall we begin?"

"To-morrow if you wish," replied Frank.

"To-morrow let it be then," said Hugh, and they said good night.

That night Mr. Burke and his wife talked a long time together, after Davis left the house, and finally, so confident was he of success, he made her half believe

it wise for him to go, and so gained her reluctant approval. Thus it was decided, and soon all in the house were resting.

Sleep on, Marietta, and Roy Burke, by father's side. Did you but know that the wolf is lurking near, that the peace-destroying monster waits even now at thy door to convey hence all that makes home a little paradise, you would not breathe so freely nor rest so peacefully with faces upturned to the gentle moon that pauses to look in through the curtains apart, spreading a golden halo over the sleeping ones at this midnight hour. Again I say, sleep on.

The next morning found every one up just as early as though Mr. Burke had been going to the shop. By nine o'clock a small valise was packed with such things as he would need for the three or four weeks he expected to be gone.

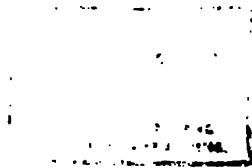
He did not know why he must go, nor why he must stay so long, and could give no answer to Marietta when she asked him, except "Mr. Davis says so."

At ten o'clock Hugh was outside waiting, while Frank took leave of wife and children. "I have left orders at the store for them to give you anything you wish while I am gone; and I'll write as soon as I know my address, so that if you are sick you can send for me and I will come home."

At the door they parted, while yet the door was closed. It seemed to the woman that she could not let him go. She felt sure some harm would come to him, that never again would they stand together as they did now. But time was fully up, and once more taking his children in his arms, he kissed them all good bye, promising to bring each one something from the city. Then, embracing his wife again, telling her to be brave and not worry, he took his valise, opened the door, closed it, and joining his friend (?) walked away. They were to take the train going to Athol, then to Worcester.

They might have gone by stage, but it was dusty, and tedious. When the train puffed away from the





station, Marietta left the window where she had been watching, and went up stairs. She nervously clasped her hands, fell upon her knees by the side of their bed, and prayed to God. She poured out her fears and troubles to Him who knoweth how to bind up the broken hearted, and who hath promised to care for those who commit their way unto Him.

And there, upon her knees, she received strength to rise and go forth performing her duties as wife and mother, casting all her care upon God.

You who feel that life's burdens are heavy ; you who are placed in like circumstances with Marietta, so that you are full of anxiety and fears for husband, or children, or self ; you who, when the shadows begin to gather, and the night holds its black mysterious veil between you and the light, cry out, exasperated and afraid, remember it is a good thing to kneel and pray. God knows thy every fear, and will with gladness take them from thee. In thy blackest night He will hang a star of wondrous brightness and blessed constancy, even the star of Hope. He may not do the very thing you ask. You must be wise, and ask the thing He knows would be best to grant. One thing is sure. If He does not give the heart's desire, it is because his way will be best in the end ; and so He may leave the thorn, but will give grace to help you bear it.

The days dragged slowly by, when the husband and father was no longer in his home. Roy and Ensign went to school—so Bessie and Raymond were all that Mrs. Burke had to take her attention through the day. Once a week her mother came to see her. Sometimes she would ride over, at other times she walked, but, ride or walk, in fair weather or foul, whether they liked it at the farm or not, she visited at least once every week, the daughter whom she loved, and to whom she always clung.

What a comfort she was. Her face was a blessing pronounced, before her voice was heard. It must here be said, that the influence of this noble woman over her grandson, Roy, went far toward forming his ideas of

good and evil, and enabled him many times later in life to do the right and turn from the wrong. She often wrote him letters which in after years he treasured above gold.

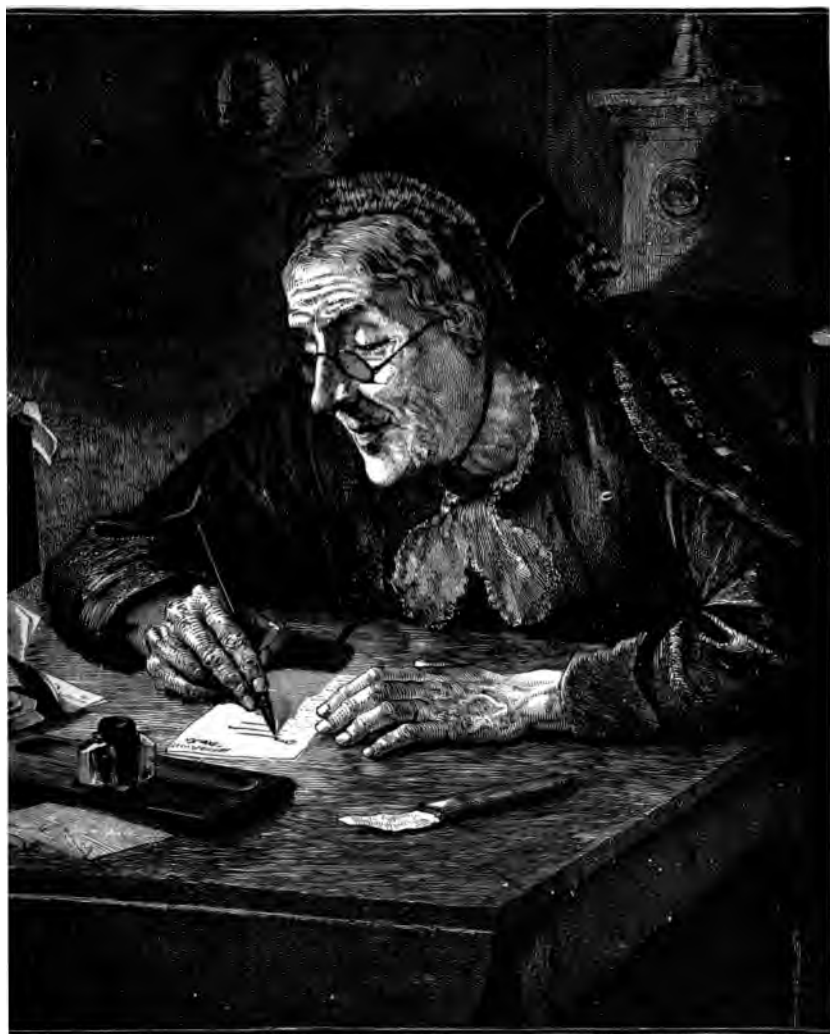
One day she came to the Hatch house and found the doors all locked, the windows fastened and curtains drawn. She made inquiries of the neighbors but no one could answer her. Thinking that her daughter had gone to visit some friend and taken the children with her, she sat down to wait.

It was now several months since Mr. Burke had left the village. For the first two weeks he had written his wife very often, and the letters were always affectionate and full of hope. After the first month she did not hear from him at all, except through Hugh Davis, who gave as his excuse, that, in order to get the money it was necessary to do things which would seem a little strange to her for a time, and so Frank must not write.

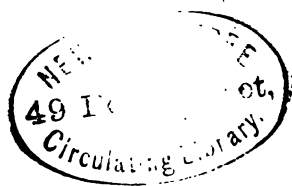
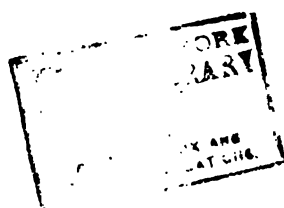
Marietta at last grew frantic, and resolved that she would go to Worcester and hunt him up, and, if it were not too late, snatch him from the clutches of the wretch who was pretending to be his truest friend. So she had taken the two younger children to a friend who would keep them for her until she returned, and with Roy and Ensign by her side, was even now walking the dusty road to Worcester. She had gone to Barre Four Corners, and as her mother sat upon the door steps waiting, Marietta was sitting by the roadside resting, and eating the little food she had hastily put up for the journey.

The old lady, feeling that she must be home in time for tea, a full half hour's walk, rose and left the yard with never a thought of what had taken place.

That night Marietta slept in the home of an aunt who lived near where the road turned off to Petersham. Here we will leave her and the two boys, while we take a look about Worcester. They are in good hands, and will depart refreshed. Triphena Carruth never was known to refuse even a stranger who asked for food; Surely she will be good to her kin.



"ROY'S GRANDMOTHER OFTEN WROTE TO HIM."



CHAPTER IV.

FROM the moment Davis left the village of D— with Mr. Burke, he has felt confident of securing the pension, and yet he commenced by making it look doubtful, in order that he might the more work the feeling of fear in Frank's mind, and so be able to secure implicit obedience to his directions, which he offered in shape of proposals.

"Before I can secure the pension for you," he said to him one day, "I must be able to show that you have received such injury in the war as now causes you to suffer, or incapacitates you for work or right management."

Burke saw that this was reasonable.

"We must have an examination," continued Davis, "so that we may have a basis to work upon. The testimony of a physician that you are slightly demented, caused from injuries received in a battle, would make the matter sure."

"So it would," responded Frank, and this is all he said. So eager was he, that he was willing to consent to anything, now that he had begun.

A physician was found, who, after making an examination of Burke, declared that he was not mentally sound, and that his impaired condition was the result of a wound near his spine, which wound was received in the war, according to certain documents in the possession of Burke.

When this course had been decided upon, and with this certificate gained, all seemed clear; but when Burke consented to be found mentally deranged, in order to secure the money, he did not see the trap into which he was stepping. Nothing was too mean for Davis to do. Had he not said upon the bridge that day as Marietta refused his offers, "I'll be revenged, and you shall regret your answer!" And now that he had an oppor-

tunity to keep his vow, and as it would be to his advantage financially, should he not do so?

What he did we shall see.

No sooner had he taken the certificate of the physician and paid him for his lie, than he set to work another scheme.

If Burke was insane, as the testimony declared him to be, surely the Government would not pay into his hands so large a sum of money as was due him. Therefore the next step must be to choose a guardian. Who should it be? Who could it be but his faithful friend who was doing so much for the success of his plans. So Hugh became sole guardian of Frank Burke, and director of all his affairs. There was no trouble about the money. After a brief delay the Government paid into the hands of Hugh Davis over two thousand dollars as back pension, and papers guaranteeing eighteen dollars per month during the remainder of Burke's life. Now then, came the mischief. Burke was willing to be found as we have described until the money should be secured, but had he paused to reflect that the law would consider him insane *after* that time, the same as *before*, he would have been more careful.

Now in the sight of the law Burke was positively under the rule of his guardian. Mr. Davis pretended to be deeply interested in his future welfare, so spent much time, apparently, in looking for a suitable place to invest the money for him. Burke objected to leaving his money here in the city, but Davis decided the matter.

He bought what was afterwards known as the Holly-Tree Inn, on Pleasant Street, and invested the money intrusted to his care, in this money-earning place.

At the same time he placed Frank over it as superintendent. Surrounding him with every evil influence known, he spared no pains to stir up the passions and inordinate desires of young Burke. The gambling table was exciting; the ladies were enticing and irresistible; the drink was handy, and must go with the rest.

Surrounded by these new scenes, and held there by

the irrevocable decisions of his guardian, Frank forgot the past. He was not known by many people. Few care for the society of a lunatic. He went out from the Inn almost never. His money was there, and he must look after it and see that the business was carried on so as to make it increase. He formed habits of excess which have killing effects, so that if he was not already insane he soon would be.

Davis waited. His time would come. He watched his prey as a cat watches a mouse, and soon the two thousand dollars Frank thought to be his, were his no more. He was still given a place though, and still kept at work; more servile it is true, but still 'twas work, and as hundreds had none at all, he felt that he was favored.

So he lived and was living, surrounded by his companions, men and women whose society he now enjoyed; so he lived and was living, when, late one afternoon, three weary travelers entered Worcester. Passing along the main street and seeing no eating-houses there, they turned up a side street in quest of one.

On the left Roy noticed a sign and pointed it out to his mother. They crossed the street, entered the dining room, and called for such food as was within reach of her purse. Now at this Inn there were two dining rooms, one for ladies, and one for gentlemen.

The waiter came from the other room, served them with what they desired, then left them alone, returning only to take pay for the scanty meal. In an adjoining room stood Frank Burke leaning over a table, with a heavy heart.

Occasionally one will think, and thinking, for a man who lives in sin, is bad business, unless he wants to quit it. In such a case, let him be thoughtful. Burke did not allow himself to meditate when he could help it. Even now, while tears filled his eyes, he rose from the table angry with himself, and, brushing the tears away with a curse upon them, went to the dining room door and was about to enter where Marietta and the

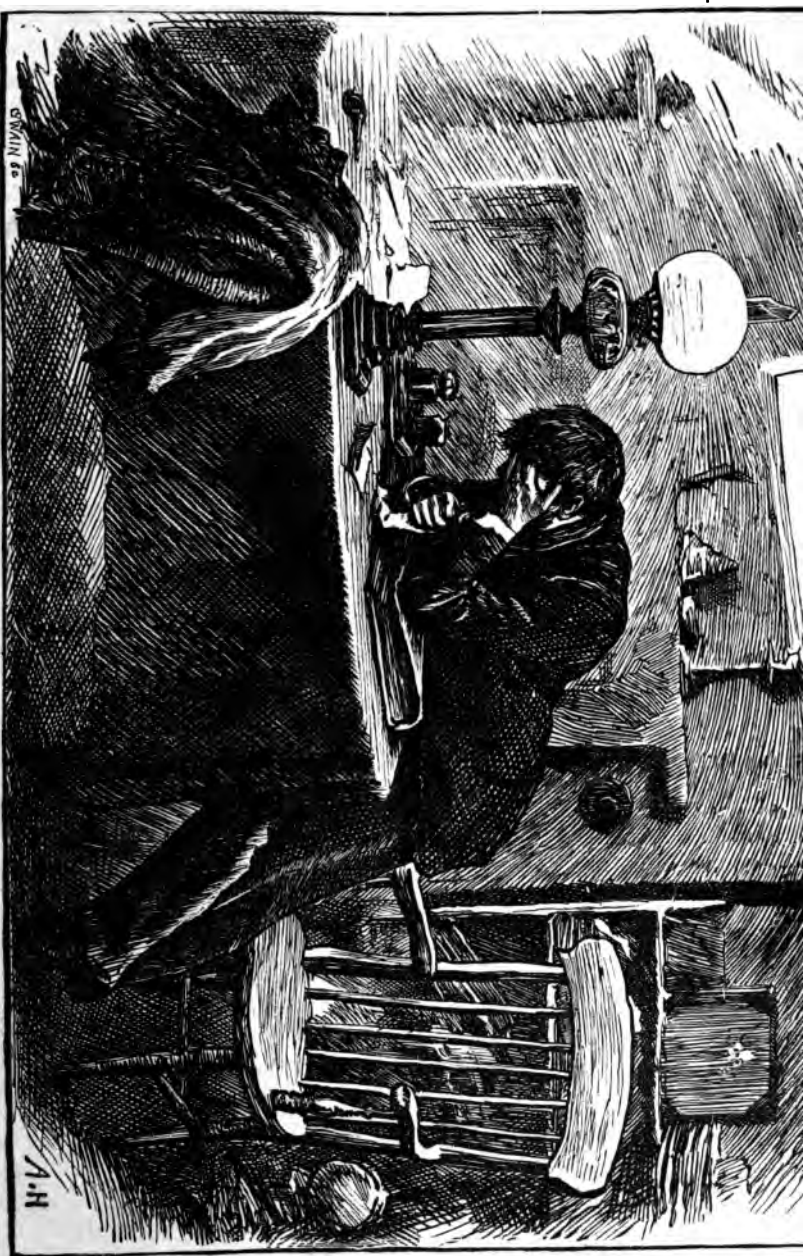
children were eating, when some one came in and said he was wanted in the office. The weary ones rose from the table and left the Inn, little dreaming that the one for whom they had come all that long and dreary way, was but a moment ago at the door of the room where they sat, and who, but for the bell-boy, would have looked at them face to face.

They came upon the main street again and followed it for some distance, looking for a place to spend the night. Ensign, poor child, was so sleepy, and Roy was as fatigued as his mother. No place seemed to offer itself, and it was now dark. The long rows of lamps dotted the street, and it seemed very lonely in this great city on such a mission, so poorly prepared.

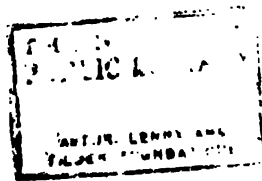
Finally, Marietta, feeling the necessity for making some arrangement for the night before long, or not at all, stopped in front of a drug store and asked the man who stood leaning against the door casing if he knew of such a place. He said he did not, and was about to let them pass on, when he remembered that his landlady had said to him that very morning that she had another room to let, one roomer having gone away. This was near by, fortunately for them. The lady at first objected to having the three sleep in one bed, but feeling sorry for them, and, taking pity on the sweet young mother, she finally consented, and in an incredibly short time they were in bed, and the two children were fast asleep.

The next morning they were awakened early by the noise of carts and people passing, all of which confusion was new to them. They did not go to the street for breakfast, but instead Mrs. Burke bought some cakes, bread, and such as would serve for food, at a bake shop. It was a sad breakfast. Sitting around a little stand which was in the room, they ate in silence. When breakfast was over, they put on their things and left the room. As they went out they paid the rent for three nights, saying they would then find out what they were going to do.

Once in the street, where the warm sun was bright and free, the gloom which had been about them, partly



"IN AN ADJOINING ROOM STOOD FRANK BURKE LEANING OVER A TABLE, WITH A HEAVY HEART."



from the dark, cold room in which they had slept, gradually disappeared. After walking some distance, Mrs. Burke paused before a gilded sign on a small strip of tin, tacked upon the door, which informed her that the room within was the office of Lawyer Bacon.

She knocked, but no one responded.

While she stood knocking, a lordly gentleman with a long blue coat which was kept close about him by the aid of large brass buttons, and carrying in his hand a stick that looked like the end of a sled stake, informed her that it was too early for offices to be open.

Later in the forenoon when she called again, Mr. Bacon was at his desk, and received her in a manner very unusual.

It may be that it was because she looked so sad and weary, but sure it is, he was a good, kind man. For more than an hour he talked with her, and she in her turn, told him without reserve her sad story. He seemed deeply moved, and pledged her his faithful service. He looked up names in the directory, and found that Hugh Davis lived at No. 22½ Pleasant Street. He would send there and find out how matters stood, and let her know.

Marietta left the office. Had she but gone to her room and waited the result of the lawyer's investigation, it would have been better for her. What she did was to go herself to this street, thinking that if she could once gain admission, she would find out the cause of all this strange neglect, and arrange matters at once. She was too impatient to wait in her room until the morrow. When she arrived at the corner, after running against people, inquiring for the street, and waiting at crossings for teams to pass, she was greatly surprised to find that it was the very same place where they had taken their supper the night before. As she stepped from the street to the door, her heart beat so fast and loud, that she felt sure they heard it. Hardly had she crossed the threshold, when she stood face to face with the guardian of her husband.

Perfectly self-possessed, he recognized and welcomed

her; said he hoped she was going to remain; seemed surprised when she told him that Mr. Burke had not written her or sent her any money for so long a time. He declared it was wrong, and should be attended to; offered her a seat, but she declined it; asked her to remain there while she stayed in the city, but she declined this offer also. When she asked to see Mr. Burke, she was informed that two weeks ago he had left the city for Washington, on business concerning the pension, and would not return for several days. Then came a long-drawn sigh, and Marietta turned to go. He did not stop her, but opened the door and allowed her to pass out. If he watched her with a malignant glance, it was because he felt that which he did not speak: "Revenge is sweet, and it is at hand."

For two weeks she waited Frank's return. Every day she saw lawyer Bacon, every day she inquired at Holly-Tree Inn. No news from the lawyer, no hope at the Inn. At night she would put the two boys to bed, and go out upon the streets to watch. Little by little she learned the city so she could easily find her way. Sometimes she would feel sure that she saw him, and would hurry to the spot, only to be disappointed. She watched in the alleys leading from street to street, for she believed him to be in the city, and tried so hard to find him. One day she placed herself at the corner where she could see all who entered and came from the Inn, not leaving long enough to get dinner, for fear he might pass when she would be away.

But all her watching only deepened the fast growing conviction that she should never see her husband again. The last night before she decided to return to her home, she lingered past the time that women are supposed to be upon the street alone, looking wildly at every one who passed. She had visited nearly every street, watched at the trains, gone to the post-office, sat in the park; and during the sixteen days, from early morn till late at night, Roy, although so young, had been stationed at different places where he could watch the faces of those who passed in the crowd, and tell if he

saw his father. How he watched the men who flew past him ; he a child, looking for his lost parent. At times he grew weary and wished that he might sit down and rest, but he did not.

He wondered why it all was, and as his childish fancy suggested possible answers, he would sometimes grieve and his eyes would fill with tears. Many a hurried footstep slackened its pace, when it came along by this child with tear stained face, bending forward, gazing intently at the crowd ; and when asked why he did so he would say with a gleam of hope, "I'm looking for my papa, sir. Have you seen him?"

The morning when they were to leave the city had dawned, and the travelers walked away. No one noticed them in the busy city; no one understood the sobs of the woman as she passed by. She had come to seek and save the husband of whom she had nothing but sweet memories, and she could have told him of One who came to seek and save his soul. She had grown weary in the search and footsore on the journey, only to return more lonely, more hopeless, and more shamefaced and downcast than when she quietly stole out of the village while yet it was asleep. Poor she had been, but now she was destitute. There was nothing in the pantry to eat when they should arrive at home, and the rent was due for three months. The grocer had refused to give her any more until the bill already due should be paid. Winter was at hand and the children were ill-prepared to meet it. Burdened with these thoughts she left the city, taking the same road by which she had entered it a few days before, and walked on into the deepening darkness.

CHAPTER V.

NEVER since Marietta's mother had left the Hatch house that afternoon when she found it deserted, she had made herself about sick by worrying. And had she not received a note from her daughter stating her whereabouts, she would certainly have taken to her bed.

Once more the work of the day was done, and they sat about the large sitting-room, talking, and enjoying the warmth of the fire which was kindled upon the hearth. It was a cool evening late in autumn.

The old farmer put on a fresh supply of wood, and the conversation continued. They were talking of an auction which was to take place at the Hatch house on the following forenoon, and the opinions advanced were varied and not worth mentioning here. Thus the evening was spent, and one after another left the room and went up stairs to bed. The farmer had not said one word during the evening. It was his way not to talk much. His wife had locked the doors, put out the lights in the back rooms, and now stood poking the life out of the fire. She had been to see Marietta the day before, and promised to make one more attempt at reconciliation. It must be done at once, or the mallet already raised would fall with deafening resonance.

"Father," she said to him, when at length they were retiring, "I have something to ask of you." Without waiting for a reply, she continued. "We have lived together fifty years and more, and I have been a faithful wife to you, as I hope to meet God in heaven. I have not gone much against your will, but we have reached a time when something must be done which will call for a yielding on your part. It is eleven years since Marietta went from home, and you have not spoken to her in all that time. I have asked you before to forgive and forget her one disobedient act, but you have always

refused. I come once more to ask you to forgive her, and take her back to the place from which you drove her—your heart and home” .

The old man knew not what to say; indeed cared not, and in his rage he rose and cried “Never! never! she disobeyed and she must travel the road she chose. She married Frank Burke, and he has deserted her, as I told her he would do; now let her suffer. Enter my house? Never! she is no longer mine! She left me; let her not come back till I ask her. There is a poor-house over the hill; let her go there.” So saying, he left the room, and closed the door behind him.

No, No, old man, do not expect forgiveness at God's hand, since *thou* hast refused to grant it. Plead not that day for mercy, for thou hast refused to render the deeds of mercy. Go to thy Judge on high, knowing that this act has gone before thee, the memory of which may live and torment thee forever.



MARIETTA'S FARM HOME AND ROY'S BIRTHPLACE.

CHAPTER VI.

“**N**INE make it ten, gi’ me ten, gi’ me ten. Nine, gi’ me ten, gi’ me ten, gi’ me ten. Nine, make it ten? Ten, do I hear it? I’ve nine on a bid, on a bid, on a bid. Nine on a bid, on a bid, on a bid. Well, make it nine-fifty. Why ladies and gentlemen, you couldn’t buy a chamber suit like that for thirty dollars. Nine, gi’ me ten. Make it ten, bid ten. Are you all done. Third and last call, and sold to Charles Gleason for nine dollars.” Thus went the last article of furniture, the proceeds of which went to pay the grocer. Mrs. Burke was busy. She bore up under the great sorrow as only woman can but the excitement helped her.

It was noon when the sale was over and by two o’clock the house was stripped of everything but the trunks and a few trinkets. Had not a neighbor been kind enough to offer them shelter for the night, their condition would have been sadder still. As it was they were homeless and heartbroken.

The next morning a woman neatly dressed stood in front of the Hatch house, and by her side three boys and a girl. Roy had managed to get the trunks out by the side of the road, where they would be handy to put on to the stage. At nine o’clock, sounds of heavy wheels were heard, and a moment later the coach, an old-fashioned tally-ho drawn by four horses, turned the corner and came in sight.

Seeing them by the roadside the driver stopped the horses, got down and lowered the step, which was made to double over, and assisted them in. Two of the trunks he put on top of the stage, the other on behind.

This done, he inquired where they were to be left, and asked for the fare. Instead of telling him or pay-





ing the money, Mrs. Burke took from her purse and handed to him a letter, which read as follows :

MR. NORTON :

Dear Sir :—The bearer and four children will enter the stage at D——. Take them to the Poor Farm in D——Centre, and charge expense to the town.

Yours very truly,

E. C.,

Overseer of the Poor.

After reading the paper, the man looked at the woman, then at the children, closed the door, put up the step, and soon they were rapidly moving on their way.

There was only one passenger beside themselves, a gentleman of some importance, who seemed to be traveling for pleasure. He was rather tall, wore gold-bowed spectacles, a mustache and side whiskers, and was about fifty years of age.

He did not talk with them, though he drew Roy over to him and asked for his name, his age, and lastly if he liked candy. He gave him enough to last a week, and told him if he would go home with him he should have all he wanted.

"I would," said Roy, "but I could n't leave my mamma," and at the same time left the unknown gentleman, and went to sit by his mother's side. She put her arms about him and held him close to her. "If only he were older," thought she, "we would manage some way," and she stifled a sigh and repressed willing tears, as once more she thought of what had taken place. Many and curious were the questions Roy asked during that ride, and many were the sympathetic looks and caresses he gave his mother, ere they reached the poor-farm. She told him in a low voice that he would understand it sometime, but not now. As she looked upon her children, her hopes were strengthened. Roy and Ensign would be larger soon, and then, perhaps, they would take her away and make for her a home. After a little more than an hour's ride, they slackened their pace, and stopped in front of their new home just as the dinner bell was ringing, and the men were coming

from the field. A pleasant lady came to the coach to welcome the new arrivals, and with her smile she lifted some of the load from Marietta's heart. The coach passed on, and Mrs. Burke walked toward the house. As she passed the men, they remarked, "what a shame it is that one so young and fair should come here to spend her days." They were shown the rooms where they were to live, and then led in to dinner. The place was truly a pleasant home, but for the name, "poor-house."

It was situated about a mile from a village, a little off from the Barre road.



THE POOR-HOUSE AS SEEN WHEN COMING FROM THE VILLAGE.

Back of the house was a range of high hills, which formed the pasturage. The house was white and very large, with maple trees about it, and a pretty yard in front. At one side of the house there was a building which had sometime been used for a shop, and was connected to the main building by a long wood-shed. Two large barns were necessary to the farm. One was on the same side of the road as the house, and was called the cow barn, though it was filled with hay and corn, and used for many things. A large barn-yard was in front near the road, and back of it the lane which led to

the pasture. On the other side of the road stood the second barn, and here the horses were kept, with hay and feed for them.

Inside the house there was plenty of room, which was not the least essential. The rooms were neat and plainly furnished. A part of them were for the keeper and his family, a part for tramps, and the rest for the inmates.

The rooms assigned to Mrs. Burke and the children were the room at the end of this shed, which was a very pleasant place, and the room which looked out toward the "old house" some hundred yards distant, and now falling to decay. Down across the road there was a steep decline, and at the foot of this, and far to the right and left stretched the meadow lands. The river which ran through them was not swift nor deep, except in places, but it was always full of fish, and never went dry. Standing by the house and looking to the east across the meadow, a small village could be seen, which went by the name of Factory Village, because of the quantity of cheeses made there. The place, moreover, was not at all lonely, for the road was much traveled.

The inmates were not very numerous just now, several having died within a short time. There was Betsey, a woman who was at one time very bright, and had stood high in society. Just upon the eve of her marriage her lover died, and she became partially insane. Having no relatives able to care for her, she had been brought here. She was now past fifty years of age. Her clothing was always very tidy, her dresses generally being pink calico with plenty of ruffles. She had full charge of the front yard, and took care of the apples that grew on "her tree." She would talk to herself for hours, and pick up leaves and straws from the grass, so that her garden was not to be surpassed for neatness. Then there was Dorcas, a frail little woman, slow of motion and speech, and totally blind. Her principal occupation was prayer, and a sweeter, more saintly soul you will seldom find. Marietta found much comfort in reading to her, and when she was too busy, Roy took

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her place, thus acquiring an early taste for books. Next came Mr. Woodward, who had to walk with a cane. He was obliged to swing one leg around in front when he walked, and one hand was drawn in toward the inside of his arm, so it was of no use. He was always trying to invent something, but never succeeded. He was a good shoemaker, though he could use but one hand. Roy and Mr. Woodward were great friends. Besides these, there was one who was a fright to all the dogs and children, though he really was not a bad man. Like some ugly horses, whose dispositions are due to their former owners, so he had grown to be a chronic fighter by having at some time in his life been associated with some mean, aggravating person. He was quite a large man, and stooped just a little when he walked. His eyes were very red about the lids, and were nearly always closed, or half closed, except when he was walking. He wore a scraggly beard which had grown so far and stopped, and he never trimmed it, though it was ridiculously uneven. When he walked he carried a cane, though he never used it except when he met a dog. His principal occupation was smoking tobacco, the monotony of which he sometimes relieved by chewing the "cud." About all he ever said was, "That's it; that's it; drink when I do, darn ye; drink when I do," to anyone who happened at table to lift the tea cup when he did. He died soon after Roy went there, and his grave is marked by a very good stone bearing his name:—Johnathan Gleason.

The keeper and his wife were the best of people, but unfortunately did not remain a great while. They had two daughters who were to be envied their sweet faces and amiable dispositions, and two sons, both like the stream in which they often took Roy to fish—still and deep.

The school to which they were sent was some distance away, but they went every day, except Roy, who was old enough to do some work on the farm, so he went only during the winter. As Roy grew older he had his mother's truest care, and not without great need,

for he developed a mischievous disposition, not so much at home as at school; and later on two or three severe applications of the raw birch showed that mischief was not all. Very tender of his mother, very careful to cause her no pain, and to lighten her burdens, he nevertheless got into trouble when he came under the discipline of the school-room. It was hard for him to bear an insult, and when a boy would remind him that he was an inmate of the town-farm, he often resented it with blows, and so more than once was a subject for the chastisement calculated to put an end to such offenses. One day a boy sitting next to Roy in school, spit in his seat, and Roy immediately gave "tit for tat." The teacher, Moses Knapp by name, probably one of the best teachers ever there, happened to look in that direction, and was obliged to stop recitations to punish the offenders. It was a cold day in winter, and the stove in the school room was red hot at the moment the teacher called the two boys to the floor. The pipe rose to the ceiling and then turned and passed through the room and into the chimney. Putting Roy on one side, and John on the other, he commanded them to spit at the stove pipe for ten minutes. This was all right for a short time, but soon they labored under great disadvantage. When their speed would slacken, the teacher would thump them on the head with a pencil, saying "spit faster." Cotton is dry stuff, but their mouths and throats were more dry when they had finished. Such scenes as this occasionally occurred to relieve the monotony of the long school session.

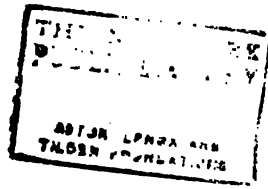
Roy learned but little this first winter, though it was no fault of the teacher. He was to see a time when he would wish the opportunity had not been so wholly wasted; when he would look back to the time of gathering the nuts in the fall; to the time of gathering the fruit; to the time, when, after coming from school he used to start off over the hill for the cows calling, "Co'-boss, co'-boss, co'-boss;" to the long winter evenings as they sat by the fire, hugging close to mother, who would read them some pleasant story, kiss away the

tears caused by its tenderness, then take them to their beds, tuck them up so nice and warm, and then kneel down beside them, and with them say their prayers. I say the time was to come when he would look back to these early scenes, and count the memory of them sacred. The Winter passed and the Spring time came and went. Summer ended, and Fall had come again. The overseers of the poor, were talking of taking Roy and putting him with some good farmer who would bring him up and make a man of him. Knowing that it would be very hard for Mrs. Burke to allow her boy to live away from her, they tried to get a place near by, where she could see him often. It was no easy task for her to let him go ; to live without his love and fond embrace ; to have no good night kiss, no morning frolic ; and yet it must be if they said so, for she had no right to say what he or she should do. So Roy was taken to a place in Greenwich where he was to live. To attempt a description of this new home would be to make you want to see it. A lovelier spot there never was, but the man was ugly enough to have descended from "that wicked one." Never in all the course of Roy's stay there was he really happy. He was only thirteen years old, but he had to milk and tend twenty cows night and morning and go to school.

His only relief was in the fact that some of the cows did not give milk all winter; doubtless as much a mercy to themselves as to Roy. On Saturday when there was no school, Lorenzo would take Roy into the woods with him, and there they worked in the snow all the long cold day. What a feeling came over the boy's heart when the day was done and they left the woods for home where he could see Mrs. Davis, good woman that she was. The winter dragged heavily. He was fifteen miles from his mother, and the time seemed long before he could go to her. The last of February he received a letter from her saying she was very ill and would like to have him come home if he could get permission. With all haste he prepared for the journey. The man felt he could not (would not) spare a horse, so Roy set



"HE WORKED IN THE SNOW ALL THE LONG COLD DAY."



out on foot ; and in three hours and twenty minutes, he was smoothing his mother's pillow. Pale, weak and disheartened, she told him she feared she should never rise again.

She had not been well since one night not quite a year ago, when, walking from the village, she had met a man worn and wrecked by toil and sorrow—just payment for his treatment of her—the man she had once been proud to call her husband. She had now taken a severe cold which seemed to threaten something worse. In two days, however, she was so much better, that Roy reluctantly started back to his place of work.

Uneasy to hear from her, he was in the barn feeding the cattle, on the morning of the third of March, 1880. He had finished with the fodder, and stood leaning on the pitch-fork, with his thoughts far away. He was planning how he would do when he should be a trifle older. He would have a little home for his mother, and take her away from where she so grieved to be. He and his brothers would work the place, while Bessie and his mother would keep house. For a long time he was lost to things around him, and was building his plans for days to come, when a rough-and-ready looking man opened the barn door and came into the stable. At first he did not see Roy. When he did, he called out in a nervous manner, "Good morning, Roy." "Good morning, Mr. Greenleaf," replied he in a pleasant manner, quite unconcerned.

"Rather late about your work, aint ye?" "Yes, sir," Roy answered, "I'm taking my time a little this morning. The man has gone to town to be gone all the forenoon, and as there's no school I thought I would n't hurry."

Mr. Greenleaf hesitated. He did not like his errand, for beneath his rough way there beat a tender heart, and he thought very kindly of Roy.

"Roy," he said at length in a husky voice, "I have sad news for you."

The boy's heart for the time ceased beating.

"Your mother," said he, "is dead."

They carried Roy into the house, and when he grew less hysterical, tried to compose him. That night he was on his way to see her whom he would not find, whose voice he would no more hear.



BESSIE AND RAYMOND BY THEIR DYING MOTHER.

CHAPTER VII.

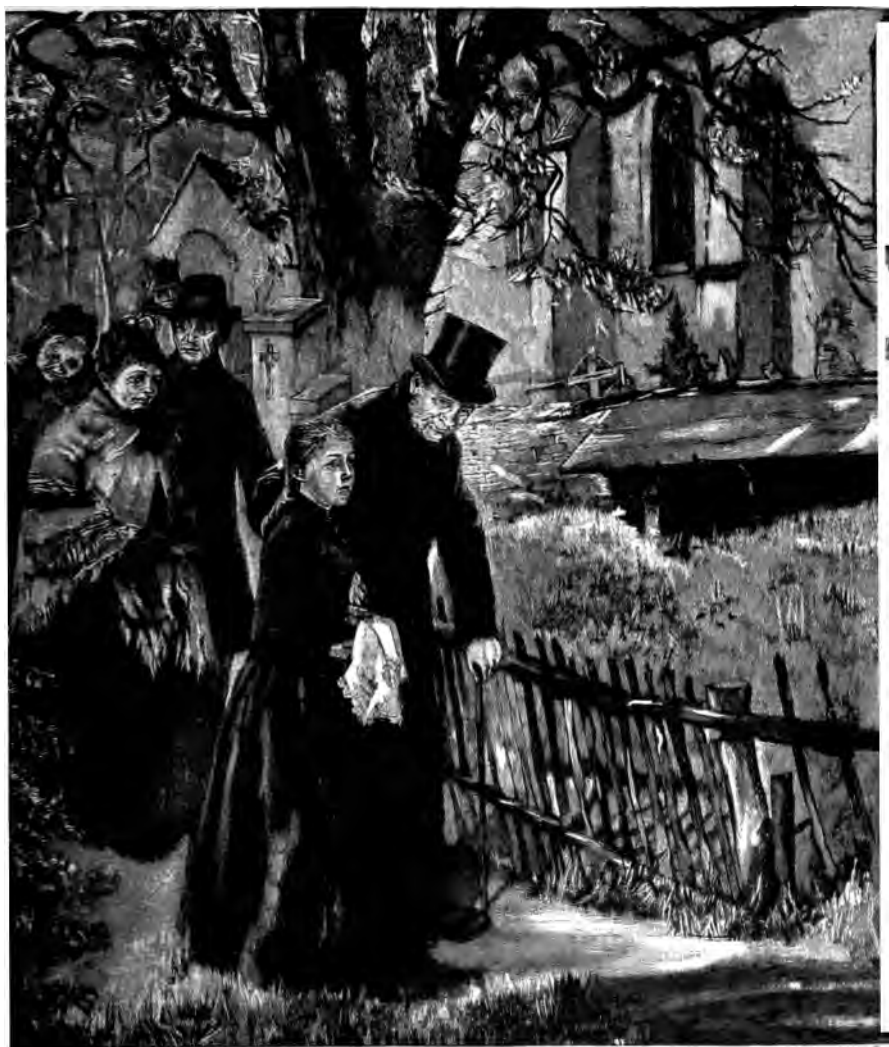
THE next morning the children woke early. Roy, who had arrived late last night, lay, with Bessie looking into his face, her chubby arms about his neck, sobbing as though her little heart would break. He, himself, half wild, half dreaming, was watching the first rays of sun that came in through the open blinds, thinking it very kind of them to come from so very far away, quite on purpose to warm the birds and cheer him in his loneliness. What must have been his sorrow when he realized, on waking, that his father was untrue to him; that his mother lay in a dark room down stairs, dead.

At nine o'clock carriages began to arrive. Bessie would not leave Roy at all. Back and forth, in and out, they went together. Ten o'clock, and the people began to be seated in the largest room. After all was arranged, Roy and Bessie, Ensign and Raymond came in, their hearts almost bursting with grief, and took the seats left vacant for them. At the appointed time the preacher came in and took his place. The prayer, the scripture, the address, were finished. After the people had looked into the casket, the children approached and took one last, lingering look, calling to the dearest and almost only friend they had ever known; calling, but receiving no reply.

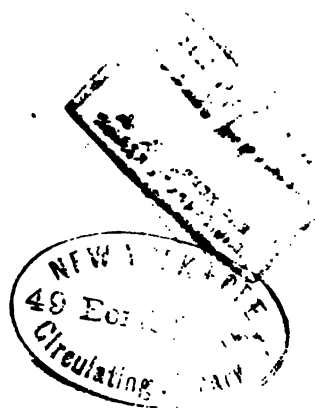
They closed the casket, and four men with uncovered heads bore it away. In the carriage with the children was their grandmother, though her husband had refused to accompany her. Shame—shame to him for allowing a daughter to be buried in soil set apart for the poor and wandering. All down the street there were people walking toward the church-yard. Presently the bell tolled out to the King of the city of the dead, that another occupant was on her way. As

the bell continued to toll, the procession approached; the spectators uncovered their heads; the ponderous gates of the church-yard opened wide, and the procession passed within. "Dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes;" then they lowered the casket.

Fatherless (practically), motherless, and friendless, so far as they knew, they left the grave and went back to what used to be their home. As they rode along, Roy did not mind the kind faces that had in them looks of pity for him. He was too deeply buried in his grief caused by this event which never could fade from his memory. Events of earlier and later days may fade away, or "go to that shore where all forgotten things will reappear;" but this will always stand out vividly, even when the mists gather around the mind in the declining years of a long life. Will he ever forget that first night without a mother? Yes, he will forget it when he stands with her on that deathless, sinless, tearless shore; when she once more gathers him under the covert of her devotion, and they bow together at the feet of Him whose voice, ringing down through the ages, reaches the ear of every bereaved follower of Christ even now, and, full of wondrous melody, repeats those comforting words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live."



"ROY DID NOT MIND THE KIND FACES THAT HAD IN THEM LOOKS OF
PITY FOR HIM."



CHAPTER VIII.

IF very seldom happens that the sheep remain together when the shepherd is taken away. In this case also, the sheep were to be scattered; were to wander forth alone, surrounded by more or less of the temptations which may well be likened unto wolves.

For a few weeks, however, Bessie, Ensign and Raymond were to remain at the poor farm, until satisfactory arrangements could be made. Roy went back to Greenwich, but not to remain. A position had been offered him at the north part of his native town in a woollen mill, where he would receive much better pay than at his present place.

When he left for his new work, it was with a mingled feeling of independence and responsibility. It meant much to him to know that he was no longer "on the town."

The boys in the mill were nearly all older than he, but they did not make it unpleasant for him. The village people looked upon him with confidence and love, which inspired him to strive hard and be worthy of their good opinion.

He spent all his spare time in reading, and used to go to the minister for books. Mrs. Ross, the minister's wife, was good to him, and often talked with him about becoming a Christian. By little and little Roy learned a great deal, so that the people noticed he had improved, and they opened to him many new opportunities. Saturdays the mill closed at half-past three, and Roy looked forward for this day to come. As soon as he was out of the shop, he would go to his room, make himself as presentable as possible, take the little package of things he had purchased for the children, and start off on his journey. It was four miles, and he was happier in going than coming. With what joy they awaited his arrival. He did not take the road, but went over the

hill and down across the pasture. Reaching the top of the hill, he could see the white house and the river; the church and the churchyard; and the houses at Factory Village. He generally reached this spot about sunset. He could hear the cow-bell's tinkling sound, and was reminded of the days when his mother lived, and when he, dressed in short breeches, straw hat, little laced-up shirt, and with a rod in his hand, had driven the kind creatures over the hills, singing his childish songs, and pausing to pick berries by the way. He walks on and reaches the bars. A whole week has passed since brothers and sister have met. They are expecting Roy and are watching for him. A little golden-haired girl keeps looking toward the hill top to see if her brother is coming. Roy sees them watching, and hides to plague them just a little, and as he hides he sings a little song so loud that they will hear it, and wonder why they don't see him. They start across the lot behind the house, and up the hill. They "halloo" to him, and, unable to keep them any longer in suspense, he breaks his hiding place, and in a moment after, he is literally covered with kisses and faces and little arms. Oh! how happy to be once more together. Down the lane they go, and to the house, then to the barn. Old Brindle knows him and shakes her head. Next they go to the play ground, generally the lot behind the house, and here they spend a long time. Roy sits on a rock and they sit by his side, waiting patiently while he opens the package he has brought under his arm. This is the last time they are to meet in this way. Before another week comes around, Bessie will have gone to live with a kind lady in Palmer, and the two boys will be "put out." So this is a memorable time—this last meeting. Roy's scanty wages will not afford much of a purchase, but he has brought each of them something. You should have seen Bessie, her face all lit up with surprise and delight, as he handed her two new dresses, just what she desired. She dropped them to the ground, and putting her arms around his neck hugged him for gratitude. Thus they spend the evening, and go to bed.

Roy almost always dreamed of his mother, and in his dreams could hear her voice; and so real was it that it seemed to him that she must be in the house somewhere; but alas! his boyish dreams were only dreams, and waking found him still alone. On Sunday morning when the village bell called them to church, they started together a little earlier than usual, that they might stop at the church-yard. How they clung to each other with mingled fear and grief, as they stood by their mother's grave. How they prayed; not to God nor to the dear Saviour, for they knew only the prayer learned to say at night; but to Fate and Fortune they prayed; prayed for their smiles upon their infant brother who was with Mr. Bliss, and upon each of them as they were the next week to be separated and denied these meetings. Now they walk on toward the church where the village folks have gathered, and take the pew where she used to sit with them. It is an old-fashioned church, with the choir in the gallery behind the congregation. A melodian has furnished music for many years. Mr. Merritt, the minister, makes tender mention of the children in his prayer, and the hearts of all are touched by the sobs that come from a pew in the rear. Mr. Charles is glad to see them at church, and Mrs. Stone takes Roy into her class where he used to sit. The others go to different classes according to their ages. After Sunday school, home; when home, then dinner, and as soon as dinner is over, Roy must take his leave in order to be back for work in the morning. Ensign, Raymond, and Bessie, usually go a little way with him so they start and reach the bars, the usual meeting and parting place, where they are now to part forever from these old scenes. They never met there again. Roy embraces them, gives each a good bye kiss, lingers a little, then slowly retreats. Every little while he stops, and, looking around, waves his handkerchief to them. Now he reaches the summit of the hill; a final wave and he is gone, weeping a flood of tears.

Everything went on about as usual at the mill for the next month, when one day Roy received a letter

from his uncle. It was not a long letter, but contained a message that made him glad. "Come to live with me," said the letter, "I will send you to school;" closing with the words, "Write when you will start and I will meet you in Boston."

Memorial day is a great day. It was so to Roy for more reasons than one. He was at the station, with his few earthly possessions in a little satchel that had been his mother's, long before the train arrived, and that night he slept in his uncle's house, within sight of the great mills of the "Rising Sun."

When Roy arrived, neither his aunt nor cousin were at home, it being Decoration Day. "What a lovely home!" thought he, "Is this really to be mine?" and then he grew sad a moment. Would his brothers have such good homes?

The next day his aunt took him over to see another uncle and more cousins. He felt like a new boy amid these surroundings, but by and by he wondered how it was that he had so many uncles, and they had never helped his poor dear mother. His little cousin was a charming companion, a jolly friend. Her laugh rang out into the clear air, as she ran with him over the fields, making him quite at home. And then gently, shyly, she told him how sorry she was that his mamma was gone from him, but said he should share hers. They started for school together. The aunt would often take them in the carriage, and go after them, for the way was long for Carrie. They took their dinners with them, and one day she caught Carrie looking into Roy's dinner pail. On finding the food equal, she complained to her mamma, saying, "You ought to give him more than me, for he's bigger and needs more." Ever looking out for the weaker ones, she often forgot herself. Oh if we could all have that childlike innocence and love which would allow us to do likewise, how different our actions would be! But no sooner does the rose bloom than it is plucked. So was it with little Carrie. But a few days made a change beyond the reach of the most vivid imagination. The reaper not only took the fairest

flower, but at his presence all the others wilted and refused to be lifted up. The last night before she died she called for Roy, but he was not allowed to enter her room for fear of the disease. Again she called for him. Nearly frantic he burst up stairs and gained admission to her room. The Ferryman was even then waiting to take her across the stream, but she raised her head and gave Roy one good bye kiss, ere she would go. That night she died in her father's arms.

"We must not mourn for thee, my broken flower,
 Purer and dearer than earth's fairest bloom,
 Nor weep to think how brief thy fleeting hour
 Of hope and joy, a cradle, and a tomb.
 Ah, no; for ere one shade of faintest gloom
 Had dimmed the light of love's unclouded day,
 The darkness came, our darling passed away,
 And we were left to mourn her early doom;
 But not with bitter tears, for far above
 All earthly hopes, around the cross had twined
 Her helpless heart in trustfulness and love;
 And now, all sin and sorrow left behind,
 Safe on her Saviour's breast she waits to see
 Her loved ones come. Oh, darling, who could weep for thee!"

At the end of two weeks Roy lay struggling with the same disease his little cousin had failed to conquer. He grew worse and worse until all hope was gone. Night after night his aunt refused to allow the girl or any one but herself to watch him.

With all the tenderness of a true mother she nursed him back to life, so that he began to regain strength. His hearing, sight and speech gradually came back to him, and soon he was able to walk down stairs, and after a little to go out riding; but the doctor said he doubted if he ever thoroughly recovered unless he went to a southern climate. As he grew stronger, he thought of the expense he had been to his uncle since he came. The doctor's bill was nearly a hundred dollars, to say nothing of medicines, etc., and he imagined that his uncle felt it, too. The impression, that his uncle would rather he would go, increased, and Roy grew unhappy. One day when he was out walking, a stranger stopped and asked

if he could direct him to the office of Elijah Morse. "Yes, sir; and I'll show you there if you wish it." The man thanked him and Roy led the way. It was not far, and on reaching the place he took off his hat and wished the man good morning. As he walked away, the gentleman, who wore gold-bowed spectacles, a mustache, side whiskers, and was rather tall, stood upon the steps looking after him, and wondering where he had seen him before.

It was not until a week later, in a distant city, and after constant study, that he remembered he had met him in the stage coach, some three years since.

When Roy returned to the house he found a letter waiting for him, from his brother Ensign. He read it and thought, and read again. Ensign was working for a farmer and wrote asking his brother to come and see him. "I'll go," said Roy at length, adding more deliberately, "with my uncle's permission." To his surprise and disappointment, his uncle raised no objection, but seemed rather pleased. "I thought so," said Roy, and determined to go.

When he was all ready, the team was at the door. His aunt did not go to the train, nor did she ask when he would come back. She kissed him good bye though, and sent him away with his clothes well mended, and many a little gift. His uncle did not ask him to come back, nor what he was going to do. He left him at the station and drove away and the train sped on to Boston.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Roy arrived at Ashburnham where he expected to find his brother with a team to drive him to the farm where he was working, he was disappointed on finding that no one was there to meet him, and that instead of riding, he must walk several miles. Leaving his baggage in check at the depot, he started out, stopping occasionally to rest, and inquire the way. The walk was delightful, and had he been stronger, he would have asked for nothing more pleasurable. On arriving at the house where Ensign had been working ever since he left the poor farm, Roy found that his brother had left some three hours before, for a different station than the one where he had stopped, and had not yet returned. When a little later in the afternoon, about milking-time, he drove into the yard, it was with an air of profound disappointment. Roy hid behind the door in the sitting room where he could listen, and when the right time came, stepped out before his brother who stood in deep amazement for a moment, then bounded forward to greet him.

Roy stayed here for several weeks, when, finding himself growing stronger, he obtained a place to work. The Brooks farm was about four miles away, but the brothers usually met at church on Sunday. Roy's great desire was to save money enough to get into Ashburnham Academy the next fall, but money came pretty slow.

While working here, he met a young man who seemed to think a great deal of him, and it is greatly to be regretted that Roy grew fond of being in his society. The fellow was very bright, but at heart was very bad, and Roy began to follow in his footsteps. There is no telling what would have become of him, had he not been taken suddenly and violently ill, an event which changed the whole tenor of his ways. It was very plain to see

that the effects of the old disease were still there, and that he was not out of danger yet. Becoming somewhat frightened, he determined that as soon as he should be well enough he would start for the South, hoping to reach there before winter. How he would go was the important question. He had no money and who ever heard of one's going all that way without money? Notwithstanding all the obstacles, when the calendar was folded back to the month of November, Roy and his brother were on their way to the city of Buffalo; though why they started for the South that way, we do not pretend to know, and very much doubt if they did themselves. At first they had money, and by saving it, it lasted. From Binghamton they walked to Hornellsville, and from there they begged the conductor on a through freight train to allow them to ride. Being boys, and apparently well bred, he considered them worthy, and allowed them to go. Buffalo was a large, dirty city. They left it the same day they arrived there, and at night found lodging at the home of a candy maker, who took a great liking for them and kept them more than a week.

In the meantime, Roy, who had been looking around for something to do to earn more money, found employment for them both in a mill some three miles distant from Dunkirk. Here they remained working and saving every penny for three weeks, and then set out on their journey. Snow was not deep, so they walked, often getting a ride with persons going to the next town. Sometimes at night they would work and earn their food and bed; at other times some kind woman would think of her own boy out in the world, and give them the best she had, sending them off in the morning with a lunch for dinner. In this and other ways they reached Cleveland. By this time they were getting weary of their slow plodding, and determined to add speed to their movements. One day Roy noticed that there were several empty cars on a freight train, which were marked for Chicago, and he resolved to find a way into one of those cars.

Accordingly one evening after dark, they loitered around a freight yard where they were making up trains, and that night when a through freight pulled out for Chicago, the two boys were cuddled snugly in one corner of an empty car, which would land them farther west than they had at first dreamed of going. Since leaving Ashburnham their plans seemed to have changed. Instead of going south, they were going directly west, and where they were bound for we leave the reader to guess; we do not know. It was New Year's morning. Snow was deep and the weather was cold. The sun had not yet risen when the freight train stopped in the Chicago yard. Roy and his brother were very cold, and made all possible haste to get out of the car.

Before they had time to descend after opening the door, a large, kind-faced man stood looking in at them and calling them to "come out of there." Somewhat frightened for having been caught stealing a ride, and thus made liable to arrest, they began at once to tell the man how it came about, and how they were alone in the world, and that they meant no harm, and hoped he would not do anything with them. During this time, while they were shivering and talking—first one and then the other—he listened and was moved by their story. Helping them out of the car, he told them to follow him, and he led the way to a little flag house just large enough for a stove and two or three men. Putting the boys in there he told them to wait and he would soon be back and take them home with him. At first they were inclined to distrust, and thought he had gone for a policeman, but after a little consideration resolved to stay by the fire and run the risk. It proved perfectly safe, for when the man returned he took the two boys to his home—No. 2906 Butler Street—and gave them over to his wife, a lovely woman, a good, true mother, who made them wash and gave them a good hot breakfast. Mr. Bennett was obliged to return to his work, for trains run and need attention on New Year's day as much, if not more, than on any other; but the boys were told they should remain until he came

home at night. In this home they found a warm welcome, and the children of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were very kind. They shared with them, and learned to think of them as belonging there. Roy used to sing, and they would listen and often weep when he sang :

" Will any of them at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me? "

They did not want the boys to go away, and when, one day, Roy suggested it, they refused to let them depart. Two weeks they spent at this house and they were as happy as the dear family could make them. But Roy wanted to push on. He resolved to go away and not tell Mrs. Bennett anything about it. This they did, and greatly to the sorrow of the dear friends who had so kindly cared for them. Dear reader, you may think this incredible, that two boys, both so young, the older being but fifteen, could be cast forth and get on as did Roy and Ensign. I have in my possession a letter which Mrs. Bennett wrote to Roy several years after the first meeting, when, in days of prosperity, he wrote these friends, thanking them for their kindness. This is the letter he received in reply:

CHICAGO, ILL., August 18th, 1889.

My Dear Roy :

We were delighted to hear from you. I must first tell you that your letter was a great relief. I could not imagine what was the matter with you, but I am very thankful that my fears were only shadows. You can never know the worry or agony of mind you cost me when you went away. John and Willie searched the streets for you poor boys while I watched from the windows. You are kind to send such a nice long letter to us. Tell Ensign to write, too. Well, when you were with us there were four children, now there are seven. Josie thinks she remembers you, but she does not remember the doll's bonnet you bought her. James is just as fond of wrestling as ever. Do you remember how, night after night, you two boys would keep my tongue exercised, "Now Roy, you bad boy" and "Now Jim, you bad boy, you are spoiling my chairs; you are breaking the wall." Do you know that I can never hear the song, "Will any one wait at the Golden Gate," but you come before me so plainly. Well, my dear boy, I

do hope that Jesus will be there for us. Willie is not at home now. He is doing very well for himself. John is weighmaster for Swift & Co. My husband lost the two fore fingers of his right hand about two years ago. We own the cottage we live in, and the lot on the north side of it, so it is very probable that you will find us at 2906 when you visit us. We have the street cars passing the door, so when you reach Chicago, stand on State St. until the Hanover and Butler St. car comes along. Board it, and you can rest assured that there will be warm hearts to receive you when you leave it. Now, Roy, I pray God may ever bless you and ever keep and guide you and dear Ensign through this life.

(MRS.) M. A. BENNETT.

When the two boys left Chicago, for some reason unknown to us, they did not go south, but went to Milwaukee, and then west until they reached a small town called New Lisbon. Here they fared rather hard, as they were without money. What to do they did not know until Roy hit upon a plan which he proceeded at once to carry out. "I'll give a lecture," said he to Ensign, "and take up a collection." Accordingly it was done. After a great deal of urging, the deacons decided to open the church to him, and he proceeded to advertise. When the night arrived, a fair audience had assembled to hear the "boy" lecturer. And Roy, when the moment came, would have given anything he possessed to have gone away without going before those people. But he took courage, walked onto the platform, and gave his lecture. He expected to talk an hour, but he said all he had to say in fifteen minutes. When he left the church that night, a man, a member there, said to him, "My boy, you'd better not try to lecture any more," and Roy quite agreed with him.

After paying expenses, he had three dollars left, and they started back for Chicago, sick of Wisconsin. The events of the journey south, are very much the same as those already related; and as there is much to tell, of greater interest to the reader, we will only say that they managed to work their way with comparative ease, and soon came to a warmer climate. Sometimes they walked, sometimes they rode. Often they were per-

mitted to remain in the caboose of a freight train, again they filled a corner of an empty car. It was a journey full of danger, but some unseen hand protected them, and they went on their journey, happy and sad by turns. As they pushed on, often for no other reason than that they did not have any home, nor any one who cared for them, they would talk of the future, and what each would do. At these times Roy would feel an unutterable sorrow in his heart, as he remembered that the only one who could advise him dispassionately, the only one who could have guided him in the way to honor and fame, lay in the church-yard in the village of D——. Of course this was partly a mistaken idea, but it was his feeling, nevertheless. One day when they halted for a rest, Roy went away by himself. He had never prayed, did not wish to pray, did not like to feel it his duty, but so heavy was his heart and so vivid was the memory of his mother at prayer, that he knelt down by the railroad, and prayed God to send him a father and mother from somewhere, for he felt he could n't live alone any longer. How this prayer was answered, we shall see.

It was in the month of March, 1882, when Roy reached Florida, and took the boat at Jacksonville for Palatka. Palatka was almost a new place, and a great many wealthy men were buying up land and preparing it for orange groves. As soon as they landed, Roy went to get work for his brother and himself, so that they might not only enjoy themselves, and Roy get the benefit of the climate which he had started out to do, but earn some money for future use. It was not a great deal of trouble to get work here if one wished it. Hotels were always wanting boys, and the land owners were willing to pay a good price to a lively lad. Ensign went to work in the Carlton House, Roy found work upon the land then being cleared up and owned by James A. Garrison; and here they did enjoy themselves hugely. Roy had improved in health from the first of his "roughing it," but here he more rapidly gained strength. The exercise out of doors among these pines and in the air was just what he needed. It

did him good in many other ways. It allowed him time to think, and he here resolved to begin pretty soon to do something worth the doing. He had not done his best thus far. He felt that the sins he had committed were constantly standing against him. Often he had done things that he would have shrunk from having his mother know; and he felt that there must be a change before he could really do just right; and yet, with all these thoughts he did not change. He left Palatka no better than he had entered it, so far as his real self was concerned; and, to speak truth, he was not all to blame, for the companions he had to choose, if he chose any, were none of the best, and he was not decided enough in his convictions just then to break away.

This may have been the reason why he left, after having been there less than two months, for another part of Florida, where other experiences awaited him. Leaving Ensign at work in the hotel, Roy went to Live Oak, a place situated in the center of upper Florida. While here, he learned that Mr. Fish, a man employed by the Baptist Home Mission Society, had a school for colored young people, and that he was severely persecuted by the white people. Roy visited this school, and was much wrought upon when he saw the good work this man and his family were doing, and the insults they received from the white people who could not believe that the colored man, as well as a white man, has a soul. They had shot through the windows, and had practiced many other depredations, and never spoke to Mr. Fish when he ventured into society. When Roy left the building, he had plans of his own. He walked that afternoon to a little village called Padlock, where he found shelter for the night in the home of a respectable colored man, who had a large family.

During the evening they discussed matters of interest to the colored population, and finally spoke of their school privileges. When he was told that there was not a colored school within a radius of ten miles, his determination was greatly strengthened, and he told the man

his plans. He proposed to get all the colored children of Padlock together and organize a school. When Mr. Williams heard it he was fairly wild with delight, but his excitement was tempered when he stopped to consider that if the young man before him should do such a thing, the whites would get together and mob him. Roy assumed all risks, and only asked of him that he go around among the families and see how many would support him. Each child was to pay ten cents per week, and he was to "board around." The next day was spent on the canvas, which was eminently successful. Nearly fifty scholars could be secured after a little of the work was done. They decided to get together and put up a log school house, and give the young teacher every bit of assistance possible. Roy commenced his school and soon had a room full, and for six weeks was happy in his work. He felt he was doing good to needy ones, and the thought of this was new and inspiring. In addition to their lessons, Roy would assemble his school in front of the building and teach them to march, drilling them as well as he knew how. When the white people heard of this, so ignorant were they that they declared that he was preparing the colored folks for war, and beginning with the children. Roy paid no attention to their queer notions but kept on with his school, which would have proven a decided success, but for a sudden and uncalled for interference which happened in this wise:

One night when Roy had closed his school and sent the children home, he was overtaken by a burly fellow with long hair and ugly eyes, and told that he must quit the school. "If you wish to teach," said he, "teach our children, not these niggers." Roy told him that could not be, and walked on. Later in the evening, while he was sitting in the yard in front of Mr. Williams' house, a little colored boy came running to them all out of breath, and excited by the news he bore. He said he was sitting by a house resting from carrying a load, when he heard a lot of men talking about his teacher. At this his curiosity was excited, and on going

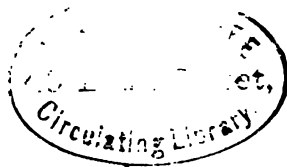
nearer, he heard them laying their plans to come that night in a mob and hang Roy to the nearest tree. Mr. Williams was frightened, but Roy did not believe it to be more than a scare. At the earnest entreaty of Mr. Williams, however, he consented to hide a little way from the house and see if they came, so that if they did put in an appearance, he could have a chance to escape. Sure enough, they came. From his hiding place, he saw more than fifty masked men with ropes and pistols and lanterns, stop at the house where they expected to find him. At first appearance of this band of men with their evil intention, Roy started off through the woods guided by an old colored lady, to another road, which would lead him to Live Oak. Thus, without any word to his dusky pupils, leaving them in the midst of their simple studies without a leader, Roy went his way, sure of this at least: that if the children and parents had not received any good from him, he had gained a lasting benefit. The next week Roy and his brother left Tallahassee, bound for Massachusetts.

CHAPTER X.

IT was in the gray October, the loveliest time of all the year; when the farmers had harvested, and the trees had changed the color of their foliage from gaudy green to those lovely shades of brown and red. The sun was shedding its last rays of glory upon the lovely little village of D——, the village where Roy had been many days to school, and where he had sustained the greatest loss of his life—the loss of his mother. Just behind the large brown structure used as school and town house, lay a pretty church-yard, if such a place can be so called. Had you been looking south, from the hill back of the yard, you would have seen, coming through the back of the town, a young man with a very worn appearance, carrying in his hand a staff, and wending his way toward the southern gates of this burial place. He entered the gate and walked down the path until he approached some graves back near the fence, and halted. During the last few months he had felt a deepening conviction of sin in his own heart. He had discovered that the seed was there from which all manner of evil springs, and the consciousness which he had felt some months ago, that this seed must be rooted out if he was to achieve anything worth the having, had only settled upon him with greater weight. He turned to his mother's grave, and falling upon his knees, wept bitterly. Memories of his mother's teachings came back to him now, as he pondered over the past in the silence of the cold dead city. The prayer she used to say would perhaps ascend to his mother's God, and he would receive forgiveness and peace, and go away a better boy. Then came the discouragement which often precedes a great effort. "What is the use of living," he thought. "No one cares for me, and I would like to go to mother." But then the awful selfishness which these thoughts contained became visible to him, and he began to see that



ROY'S CONVERSION.



if no one cared for him, he had all the more reason to care for some one like himself. He began to see as he knelt there in the grass, that his feelings of loneliness and sad experiences just fitted him to help some one who was in like circumstances. Then he said a prayer asking forgiveness for all his sins, and strength from the Lord to do His will. With that he experienced a sweet peace, and after a little while fell asleep. All night long he slept there by the grave, dreaming, perhaps, like Jacob of old, of things celestial.

The next morning he was awakened by the brightness of the rising sun, which pierced through the branches of the trees. Rubbing his eyes, and looking with them half open at the sun, he rose, stretching himself, and walked a few steps back and forth, ere he could quite recall the incidents of the previous night. He was a different boy. If a change of heart is a change of the affections, so that a man loves what he once hated, such as prayer, God's people, etc.; and hates what he once loved: sin of any and every kind, then Roy had a change of heart. There were many dark spots on the pages of his past which he wished to have blotted out, and he resolved, by God's grace, to keep the new page clean.

He took a tender farewell of his mother's grave, and went from the church-yard.

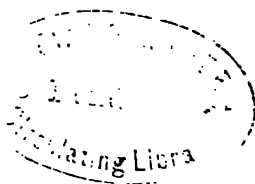
He did not look back, but hurried on and away, urged by the new hope that had entered his soul. "The grand dome of life, present and future, loomed in splendor before his eyes." But there were trials yet to come. It is easy to drift with the tide. You need not use an oar nor exercise a muscle. Sit still and steadily onward you will move with never a thought of care. But when a young man wakes up to the fact that there is danger in this easy sailing; when he begins to realize that the rapids are just below him, and below the rapids the falls, over which he will surely go, and in whose surging waves and ghastly spray he will be swallowed up or when he looks out from the graceful sailing craft in which he has so long been dreamily gliding on, and finds

that the clear sky is changed to storm-black clouds out of which is proceeding frightful tongues of fire, accompanied by rain, and peal on peal of thunder, and that instead of the gentle heaving of the ocean, and the unobstructed pathway which was his a few minutes before, the waves are boisterous and a whirling, foaming maelstrom is directly before him; I say when a young man perceives that such is his situation, and begins to ply the oar, shift his sail, turn about, and row for dear life up the stream, he finds that it is with great difficulty that he is able to advance at all. Any one may drift. It does n't take strength, wit, nor wisdom, to go with the current, with the crowd, with the world. All it requires is blindness to the end thereof. But it takes muscle, and a deal of push and energy, and profound convictions to row against the tide.

When Roy left the village of D——, he stopped for a moment at the old blacksmith shop half way up the hill, again at the corner where one road leads to Barre, and the one at the left leads to the poor farm. Taking the right hand road, he hurried on down over the bridge, through the little settlement, and on toward Worcester. What memories were brought to him now. Over this very road his mother, brother, and himself had traveled when they went on that memorable search. He passed the house where his Aunt Triphena lived without stopping. He would not let them see him in his worn out clothes. He passed on through Barre Plains, Rutland and Paxton, and before night he had reached Worcester, and found his brother Ensign, who had gone directly there when Roy turned to pass through the village of D——. He rested for the night, but, although he was weary did not close his eyes until nearly morning. He was trying to solve this problem:—"How shall I ever manage to go to school?" When the clocks of the city told the hour of three, Roy had settled it in his mind that he would go out the next day, procure work, save his money, and at the earliest possible moment enter the academy. He was now sixteen years old, and quite as strong as most boys of that age. So,



"HE FINDS THAT A WHIRLING, FOAMING MAELSTROM IS
DIRECTLY BEFORE HIM."



when he presented himself to Mr. Adams, who owned and superintended a dye house not far from No. 1 Myrtle St., that very kind gentleman engaged him at good wages to come there to work, and to begin that very day. Roy was a happy boy. No sooner had he found him a boarding place, than he went to his room, and, kneeling down, thanked God for the work, and the bright outlook if he did well. One thing that greatly aided him was the confidence that Mr. Adams placed in him. A father could not have been more kind to his son than he was to Roy, and when there was extra work (which was often the case), he would pay him well to stay and do it in the evening. In this way he had saved a good bit of money, clothed himself neatly, and learned much by using the spare evening hours at his books. He had found a friend in Mr. Upham, who was teacher of a large Young Men's Bible Class, at which Roy was a constant attendant.

One evening when he had no work, and felt he would like to walk before studying, he went to the park and sat watching the passers-by, and thinking of the hours he spent there looking for the face which he had not seen since he was a boy at the Hatch house. He had been sitting there some time when he arose and walked down Main St. When he had gone as far as he wished, he stood on the corner of a street that turns up the hill, several streets from where the Holly-Tree Inn used to be. He had stood there about one minute, when a man turned the corner, and passed in front of him so close that he could have touched his arm. At sight of him Roy grew weak and turned deathly white. He would have fallen upon the pavement had he not leaned against a building for support. He stood gazing after the man, with dilated eyes and open mouth. When he had sufficiently recovered, he started up the street as fast as his trembling legs would take him, and reached the corner just as the man was turning it. He followed him, now at a rapid walk, until the man was in the middle of the block. Roy tried to speak but his voice frightened him. He tried again, but it was still too

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feeble to attract the attention of the man. This was a quiet street and no one was then in sight, so Roy called once more "*Father*," as loud as he could, and the man stopped and looked behind him.

All trembling with nervous excitement, the more so because this meeting had been so unexpected and sudden, Roy ran up to his father, and then sank down in a swoon. Mr. Burke was himself, weak and wasted, but he tried to hold his boy up and bring him to consciousness. After a little he felt stronger, and stood up holding on to the iron fence. What a scene! Burke was so broken down, so careworn, dejected and forsaken, (for when Davis got possession of his money, he cared very little for him); Roy, his son, who had never had his father's help and counsel, stood questioning his father, and giving him advice.

When he learned from Roy that his wife was dead, he was deeply moved, but all too late.

They parted shortly. Roy took his address, and promised to go and see him soon. Truly as he meant to keep that promise and be good to his poor father, the opportunity of doing so was never offered him, for in a few days Mr. Burke was taken to the city hospital, where he died soon after. Before he passed away, however, Roy visited him and took him oranges and other fruit. He also received this letter from his father while he was in the hospital.

My Dear Boy :—

I was so glad you came and found me. I am glad you are doing well and going to get all the education you can. I have one thing to say, I hope you will be a good boy. The time is not long with me here now. I have been so ill ever since I had my foot cut with a chisel. Don't think your father has forgotten his children. He has not. He did not go because he wanted to. He has been punished. I hope you will come and see me. From your own dear father,

FRANK BURKE.

A few days later, Roy, Ensign, and Raymond were seated around the casket which was supposed to contain the body of their father, in the undertaker's office. We

have some doubts about the honesty of the burial. Bodies are very much sought after for the dissecting table, and, since they refused to open the casket and allow the boys a last look at the one they supposed they were laying away, it looks suspicious. However, they followed the casket to the grave where it was interred, and walked away feeling just a little more alone in the world than before. The next week Roy entered the Academy, and, under the kind direction of the principal, D. W. Abercrombie, Ph. D., made rapid progress. He boarded himself at first, for he found that by being very saving he had enough to last him through the year. The teachers were all very kind, except one, and he was more to be pitied than blamed. Under the direction of the new principal, the school had taken a leap forward, and has been steadily advancing ever since. Roy now had more time for church—and he was not slow to improve this opportunity.

At this time the Salvation Army was making considerable noise in Worcester, but there was something more than noise. Roy went to their meeting one day, and there met a young man, about his own age, with whom he was destined to be intimately associated in days to come. His first impression of the Army was not very favorable, but the second time he went it seemed different to him. Their earnestness was so convincing, their direct, personal appeals were so forcible and fruitful; their simple methods and their willingness to go out "into the highways and hedges," that they might reach those who never went to church; and all this backed up by the good results of their work, appealed powerfully to the heart and judgment. No less than sixty had professed conversion, and many of them were men known to have come from the depths of sin. Among those who had been helped, was the young man of whom we spoke,—Roy's friend. He had left his home far in the north-east, to get away from his companions that he might become a Christian. So powerful is the influence of bad company, that there is many a lad who has not the courage (for it takes a great deal)

to break away from it and do the right thing. Roy met Arthur and they grew to be fast friends. At the school the work was hard, so he could not get to the meetings very often, but the desire to be there grew upon him. The days and weeks went by, and the two boys continued to meet at Sunday School and at the Army.

Hunter, a young man of rare worth, a Scotchman, was a major in the Army. He came to Worcester; and at the close of the first meeting asked Roy many questions about himself and said he wanted to see him. They met a day later, and the conversation resulted in an inclination on Roy's part to join the Army and help on the good work they seemed to be doing.

One afternoon Roy received permission to go down town, and at once made his way to where his friend was keeping books. The first mention of his plans met with approval, and Arthur resolved to go with him if he could arrange it. So enthused was Roy over the matter, that he stole around behind a bale of cotton and prayed the Lord to assist them in their plans, and, if it was right, to send them out together. He seemed to feel that it was God's will, and he liked the idea of telling the story of Jesus to the people who never entered the fine churches to hear the gospel. In two weeks from this time, Roy and Arthur had joined the Salvation Army.

We cannot take time and space to recount the events of the next few months. Some things did transpire, however, which we may see fit to give to the reader in another book at some future time. It suits us to hasten over this part of Roy's life to where the prayer he made by the railroad that day so long ago, was to be answered in part now, and entirely later on. At the close of several months in the Army, Roy, Arthur, and William, another friend, came to the decision that while they had received great and lasting good; and while the opportunity offered here was a desirable one; and while their methods for the most part accomplished good results; still their usefulness was very limited; their work very unsatisfactory, because, according to certain customs of

the Army, others might be set to finish what they commenced, and, not being able to do it, or not wishing to follow out the line of work already begun, the results already attained, were for the most part lost. Then again they began to feel that, while as young men they could do a certain kind and amount of work, this would not always be so. Their education was not equal to the task which would increase with the years.

"The man who stops to grind his scythe," said a dear friend to them, "will cut more grass than the man who goes into the field with a dull one." So it came about that the boys left the Army and started a "Union Mission" in Bascom's Hall, Lowell, Mass.

The building was well suited to this work, having a large hall in which to hold the meetings, and rooms in the rear which served for living rooms. Beside, it was situated on Merrimac street, a very central location. Hundreds of those who worked in the great mills found their way to this place, and many of them were here led to seek the Saviour. They held a meeting every night, and one on Sunday, and in the day time worked at their books. They secured a private teacher to fit them for college; and although they did not complete this course while in the mission, their work was in that direction.

The Branch Street Church became their church home, and its pastor their true friend and adviser. He took an interest in their work, in their studies, and in their future life and plans, nor did he spare himself, if he could by any means be of assistance to them in their different branches of labor. The work of the mission was varied. First of all, the meetings were conducted by the three young men, each taking his turn as leader, all taking a part. Next, there were often large quantities of food brought there, which they took and distributed among the poor in the streets back of the mission. Occasionally there were pastors and evangelists who would assist them in their services on Sunday afternoon. Sometimes one of them would preach. Among the friends of the mission was a lady from another city, a

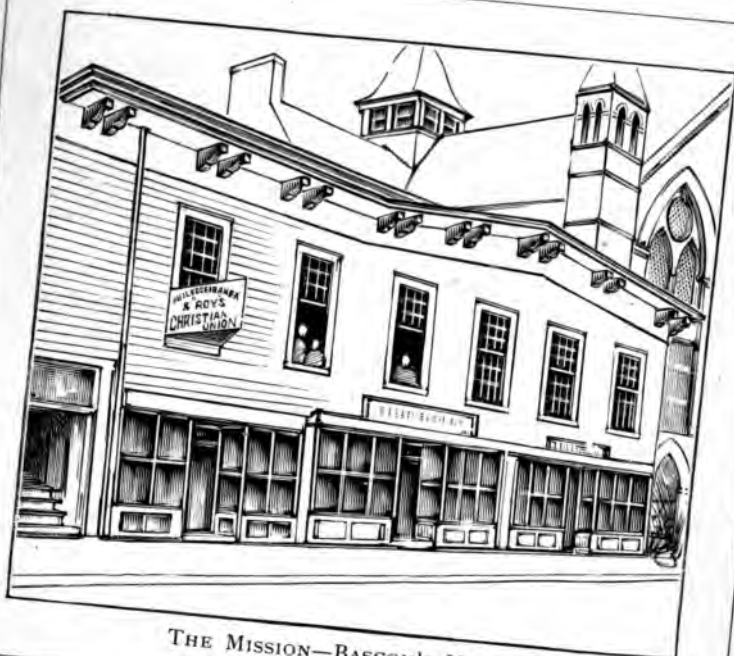
lady whose books you have probably read from your Sunday School library. She met the boys for the first time one evening when she was in the city and went with others to the meeting. At the hour appointed, Arthur, Will, and Roy, came from the side rooms and took seats on the platform. The hall was filled and the meeting was commenced. At the close of the service this lady came forward, and, taking each one by the hand, she spoke kindly to them, and said she would never forget that meeting. In Roy she seemed to have a very special interest. Whether because of what he said, or what she had heard of him we know not, but she proved herself a true and helpful friend, promising to be his mother, since his own mother was dead. When she returned to her home she wrote Roy a letter and in it sent this little poem, which is a description of her visit to the mission.

FOUND TREASURE.

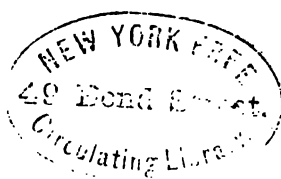
"A Union Mission"—through the door I stepped,
 And up the stair,
 Around me there,
 A motley crowd surged in the pleasant place.
 Beyond an organ, platform, and a space.
 "Waiting the boys,"
 Whispered a voice.
 The boys? What boys?

The boys indeed! They stepped out from a room,
 Three shades of blue
 In eyes so true,
 Three manly forms with steps elastic, free,
 Three manly hearts, each throbbing, Lord, for Thee.
 Words bold and strong,
 And tender song—
 God's boys, these boys.

Two brown-haired ones, dear to some mother's heart,
 And *he*, from heaven
 To me there given,
 You know *him*, Lord, the one with face so bright,
 The motherless, who took my heart that night,
 And nestles still,
 And *ever will*,
 With *THEE* and *me*.



THE MISSION—BASCOM'S HALL.



I went in rich, but richer far came out.
 'Tis sweet to know
 God loves me so,
 And gives in place of one lent for a while,
 This bit of "sunshine," with her eyes, her smile,
 Bright from the skies,
 A blest surprise—
 The glad, dear lad.

So heaven's surprises meet us everywhere.
 O! Father, kind,
 Thy child is blind,
 And thanks the guiding hand that led her on
 To where that bright boy face to her face shone.
 Hear, Father, do—
 Thine and mine, too—
 Bless "Roy," *our* boy.

The year was drawing to a close. September was near at hand, and on the tenth of that month it was their plan to give up the mission and go to the University. They had worked hard at their books, and stood fairly well when the examinations took place. Their money was not plentiful, but they would start with what they had and trust the Lord for what they needed.

There were those who made them gifts as they closed their work, all of which were thankfully received, and it is to be hoped well used. Finally the last meeting in the hall was held, and the mission was closed. At Branch street they received a kind farewell and left the city for school.

CHAPTER XI.

N Roy's arrival at school several young men were at the train to meet him and "size him up," and, if desirable, "fasten to him" for a member of one of the societies. No sooner had he left the train than a fine young gentleman met him, took his valise and led him to the *E K* Club, composed of some of the finest young men in the university. He soon found that society was the principal thing there, and was at his wits end to know what one to join. Several were doing all in their power to prejudice him against all others but their own, very much like leaders in a political campaign. In a week Roy wore *E K* colors, colors of which he never had cause to be ashamed. The help he derived from the society was invaluable. Nothing else could have done for him what "Epsilon Kappa" did, and in days after his work in the academy was done, and he had gone to another school, he took the motto of the society for his watchword still:—"We will work and we will conquer." Roy began his studies with great delight, though not without some misgivings. They were harder than those which he had just finished, and he found it difficult to apply himself.

We will leave him at work, knowing that he is very pleasantly situated, and look into the home of his friend, who had shown such deep interest in him from the time she had met him at the mission, and who had promised to be to him a mother.

Her home is situated on a very pretty street, not far from the city park, made cool by the spray of fountains, and fragrant with the breath of many kinds of flowers, profusely scattered and exquisitely arranged.

The house is not what you would call orderly. Too many books and papers lying about forbid the use of that word. The lady sits at a table writing, when a

gentleman stops before the house, and, hitching his horse to the post there for that purpose, goes up to the door and is admitted. He is a tall man with side whiskers, and wears gold bowed glasses. He seems to be well acquainted with the family, and helps himself to a chair. The authoress speaks of his long absence, and on asking the reason is told that he has had so much sickness he could not allow himself the pleasure of a call before. From his language, and the shape of his carriage, one would think him a physician.

It is some time before he notices, in the corner on an easel, a picture of a boy about sixteen years old, which was not there when he called before. The authoress has spoken to him three times and received no reply, when she looks around to find her friend looking intently at the face.

"Mrs. Graham," said he at length, "who is that boy?"

"It is a friend of mine, Doctor. Does he interest you?"

"Deeply. I have seen that face somewhere, but for the life of me I can't place him," and the man continued looking at the picture.

"He is a boy I met while I was away last summer, Doctor, and in whom I have taken a special interest. He is now at school, preparing to be a minister." And the man sat looking at the picture.

"I have it," exclaimed he after a pause of twenty minutes in which he had been deeply engaged in thought "I have it. It is the very boy. I met him in a stage coach a few years ago, and later on he showed me to the office of a man with whom I have business. It is the very one." Mrs. Graham now told him all she knew about Roy, and said she was more interested than ever.

When the Doctor learned that Roy was an orphan, and was working his way through school, he immediately had an idea. What this was, he did not tell her; he kept it to himself, but the idea was accompanied by a resolve, which he proceeded at once to carry out.

"Where does he spend his vacation?" inquired the Doctor.

"I really cannot tell," said she.

"Would it not be a good idea to invite him to make you a visit?"

"Nothing would please me better," returned Mrs. Graham.

"I'll pay his expenses here," said the Doctor.

"I'll write him at once," said the lady.

The Doctor said "good day," and rode off well pleased with his afternoon call.

Just before the long vacation which commences in June, Roy received a very urgent invitation to make his mother-friend a visit. At the close of her letter she told him that his expenses would be paid by a gentleman who very much wished to see him, so she hoped he would come. Roy was more than willing and wrote her at once accepting the invitation. School closed and the students were soon scattered, leaving the little town quite lonely and still. Roy sent word he was coming and, though he stopped at his aunts first, and some other incidents took place, which lack of space forbids us even to mention, he arrived early one morning, and was conducted to the house of his friend.

Right royal was the welcome he received, and he felt very happy for the first time since before his mother died. Four sons and one daughter had Mrs. Graham, and they all regarded Roy as their brother.

The very first day after dinner, a carriage stopped in front of the house, and the gentleman with side whiskers and gold bowed glasses rang the bell. A feeling of intrusion came with him. Mrs. Graham thought he might have waited another day until they could have had a little visit with Roy; but they admitted him, and in a few moments brought Roy in and presented him. He could not remember of ever having seen this man before, though the Doctor had twice seen him. How strange that they should thus be brought together. When the afternoon drew near to evening, he rose to go, and insisted upon taking Roy home with him, much to

the displeasure of his friends, but he prevailed, and they went together. Roy said he would be back in a few days, but it was *weeks* before he returned. When the Doctor reached his home, three sweet faces were looking from the windows; one daughter aged seventeen, one eleven, and one four. They had never had a brother. The mother stood in the door. Roy was taken into the house and eyed well by them all. For the past year his name had been a familiar one and now that he was there, his every move was watched to see if he acted as they thought he would. The first day brought them into very near and pleasant relations. Roy felt that he had found true friends in them, and the Doctor still had his idea. They rode and walked, and when tired of these pastimes, Roy sang to them the songs he used to sing at the mission. Sunday came, and the minister called to see if the young man would preach. The Doctor urged it, and Roy consented. It was an old church, but a large congregation assembled there every Sunday. Roy felt timid about preaching, but the Lord helped him when he rose to speak, and at the close they were good to him. The next day trunks were packed, the house closed, and they all started for the sea shore. Of all things that could have been proposed this suited Roy the best. Only one thing marred his happiness; he felt as though he was doing a mean thing to go off and leave his friends who had planned so much for his comfort, and whom he dearly loved. But what could he do? There was no way out of it, and to speak the truth, he was so happy in the company of the Doctor and his family, that he did not try particularly to find one.

They stayed at the shore for several weeks, and Roy thought it one of the most delightful places he had ever seen. Such walks in the balmy air! Such bathing in the surf! The Doctor gave Roy a beautiful saddle horse, and it was his greatest pleasure to ride him on the beach. As the days went by, and they grew to know each other better, the thought of parting became un-

pleasant, and they put it off until the very time came to go.

Two or three days before leaving the cottage the Doctor took Roy out for a walk, and after going some distance they sat down beneath the trees. Roy knew that something was weighing on the Doctor's mind by the way he looked at him, and he wondered what it was. At length he spoke in words something like these: "Roy, God has been very good to me, and I am not going to complain. He has given me a noble Christian wife and three obedient daughters. But," added he, pausing to frame his thoughts, "I have always wanted a son. Before I ever saw you at my home I felt an interest in you, and now I know it was of God. I can help you, and you can be a comfort me. My wife shares this desire with me, and now I leave you to consider the matter. You need not answer me now, but talk about it before you go," and he rose without giving Roy a chance to reply.

He remained on the grass while the Doctor walked back to the cottage. His heart swelled big within him, and his thoughts ran back to the time when he knelt one day and poured out his grief in prayer, asking that he might be given a father and mother. He felt this to be an answer to his prayer. He arose and walked around in no particular direction, wondering that this wealthy physician should offer to make him his lawful son. He returned to the house to find supper waiting, and they all met around the tea table. The next day they returned to the city.

While Roy had been at the Doctor's he had met a boy a trifle younger than himself for whom he had entertained very friendly feelings. They had been together a little at the sea-shore, and Roy thought him a fine fellow. He was intelligent, refined and good. He sang very sweetly, and was a choir boy in St. Luke's. Before leaving, Roy wrote the following poem and gave it to his friend's mother. Roy and Clifford were firm friends for many years.

ROY'S PRAYER.

I.

'Tis Sabbath morn, a day in early spring,
Though to her call the flowers fail to reply ;
Small flakes of snow unto the earth are falling,
Like winter, gone, returned to say "good-bye."

II.

The sun keeps peeping from behind the clouds,
And then withdraws himself as though he knew
That, if his rays should pierce the thin white shroud,
'Twould change from what it is to glistening dew.

III.

The air is full of merry, chiming bells,
Bidding a world of sleepers to arise,
Go worship, listening as the preacher tells
Of Christ, the Lord, who dwells in paradise.

IV.

I'm sitting in my loggia by the grate,
Watching the passers as they lag to prayer ;
Some filled with joy ; some, nothing could elate,
For friends for whom they'll look will not be there.

V.

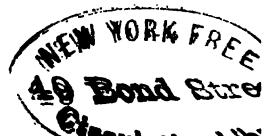
I rise from where I sit and walk to church,
Thinking the while of one that there I'll see,
Yet praying—that I be not a reproach—
"Dear Lord, wilt Thou but make me more like Thee?"

VI.

The doors are swung, and forth the choir boys come,
Led by the bearer of a golden cross,
Clad in white robes, emblems of those to come—
Robes that the Master has prepared for us.

VII.

I search the choir and altar till I see
A noble, fair-haired lad, an honest son,
Gentle and good, though full of harmless glee,
Who would not do a wrong for any one.



VIII.

My soul is charmed, while, listening to the hymn,
I hear that voice, which is so sweet to me,
Filling the arches, as it praises Him,
And echoes heavenward, "Blessed Trinity."

IX.

And while they pray, the congregation kneeling,
I fear I do not hear the rector's prayer ;
For I am for myself and Clifford pleading,
And this is what I ask while kneeling there.

X.

"Dear Saviour, when Thou wast with us below,
Thou didst Thyself choose from the world Thy friends.
So Thou wilt not rebuke me if I bow,
And ask for one whose song but now ascends,

XI.

A perfumed blessing from Thy breath of love,
That he may learn to love Thee as I do ;
So that our hearts shall both unite above,
And we be friends in heaven as we are now.

XII.

We, blessed Lord, are boys together here,
Our hearts have learned to feel each other's beat ;
And surely I shall feel like shedding tears,
If at Thy throne one day we do not meet.

XIII.

Here in Thy courts he sings Thy matchless praise,
As all the choirs celestial bow to Thee ;
Grant him before Thy face a palm to wave,
And that in heaven we both may choir boys be.



"HERE IN THY COURTS HE SINGS THY MATCHLESS PRAISE."

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CONCLUSION.

WHEN the year had passed away and Winter had come, bringing the vacation between Christmas and New Years, Roy and Arthur and a mutual friend left the college town for a village twelve miles distant, where they were to hold a series of "special meetings." The first night there were only thirty-five people present, but in a few evenings the church was far too small to accommodate the listeners. They conducted the meetings very much the same as they had the meetings at the mission. Roy led the singing and each took his turn at preaching. At the end of two weeks one hundred professed conversion, and the good work had only commenced.

While Roy was here he met a young lady, who was remarkable for her piety, and zealous in all good work. She assisted during the meetings in many ways besides playing the organ. Little did he think when he was invited to her home, and treated so kindly by her parents, that she would one day become his companion for life. But so it was to be. At the close of these meetings Roy returned to his school.

We have now reached the stopping place in this story. It may seem strange to some that we have not done so before.

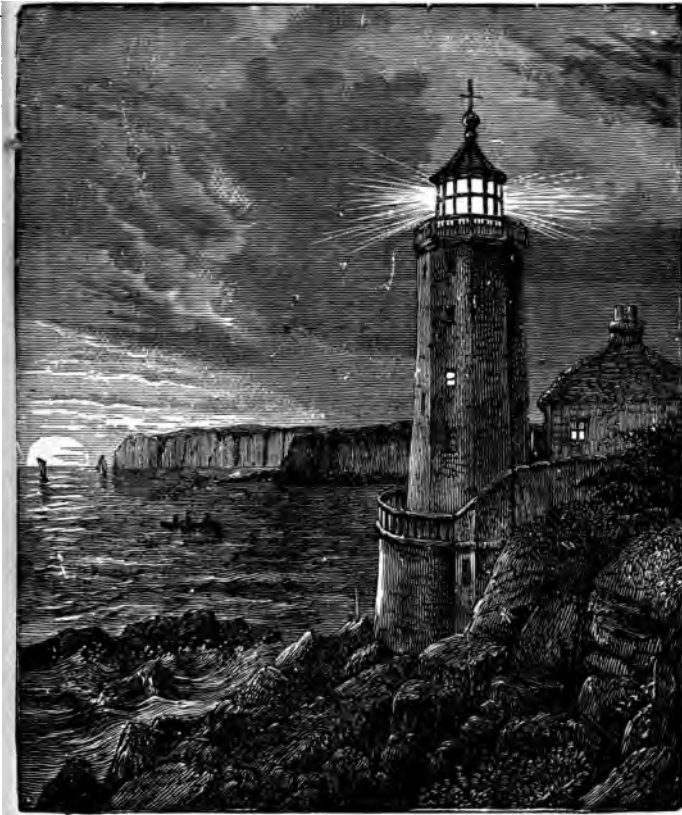
Our story has been explicit concerning Roy's early struggles; and it has been the aim of this little book to show how God led him through the darkness. Hundreds of young men are placed at an early age in a pathway nearly as rough as the one he had to walk, and it is for the encouragement of such that these incidents have been related and are now sent forth.

Roy was left quite alone and surrounded by every conceivable vice. There were plenty of those who did all they could to wreck his life and cause him to stain his

character. He received very many rebuffs, and was often tempted to give up. He made many mistakes and often stumbled in the way, but it is to be hoped that when he stumbled it was in trying to climb up higher. But after groping in the darkness, God brought him finally out into the brightness of noonday. If his notes had been discordant, God enabled him to bring forth sweet music in a song of victory. He had been cast like a young gladiator into the arena, and was looked upon carelessly by a thoughtless populace. He would have perished had not God helped him fight his battles and been his shield against the devil's infernal archery. He came forth wounded, it may be, but he came forth saved. In years after, the Lord heard his cry and placed him among many friends. He still had trials, but they were of another sort. When a man is in the storm he is apt to be more devout and earnest than when he rests in the calm noon. So in Roy's life; all his hard pulling on the oars against the tide; against the waves of trouble and winds of adversity, constantly fearing the hidden rocks and quicksands, caused him to search out the light-house, and keep his eye ever fixed upon its beacon. When the storm raged, he kept close to the Pilot; obeyed the Captain; and studied the Bible as his chart.

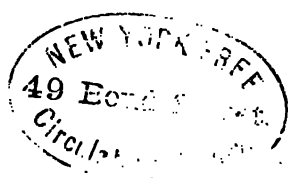
Poverty and sorrow had been blessings to Roy, but when he walked in sight of splendor and became the possessor of certain things, there came a tendency to lessen his efforts, and for a time after, they were an impediment to his onward course. But in this, too, God helped him, and taught him a sad though needed lesson, and sent him out to point others to the right way.

Roy went to Europe in 1888 where he received great help for his future work. He was married and ordained a Minister of the Gospel in 1890, and is now a laborer in Christ's vineyard, fulfilling his part of the great command of our blessed Master who said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."



"ALL HIS HARD PULLING ON THE OARS AGAINST THE TIDE ;
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